



No. 108

Ten Cents



ACTION COMICS

MAY 1947



SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

by

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

THIS IS THE STORY OF
A PECULIAR CHARACTER
WHOSE HOBBY IS "GATE
CRASHING." IT ALL SEEMED
A LOT OF INNOCENT FUN,
UNTIL HARDENED CRIMINALS
FIGURED OUT A WAY TO TURN
HIS PRANKS INTO ILLEGAL
PROFIT. THEN, BUT FOR THE
TIMELY INTERVENTION OF
SUPERMAN, DEATH WOULD
HAVE BEEN THE EVENTUAL
DESTINY OF THE MAGNIFI-
CENT MOOCHER KNOWN
AS...

**"THE
GREAT
CRASHER!"**

OPEN,
SESAME!



CLARK KENT HAS INVITED LOIS LANE TO GO TO THE CIRCUS. AND AS THEY ARRIVE...

IF YOU TRY SNEAKING IN FOR FREE AGAIN, WE'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!

POUND IT INTO HIS THICK SKULL THAT WE MEAN BUSINESS!

ONE AGAINST ALL THOSE— HELP THE MAN BEFORE THEY KILL HIM, CLARK!

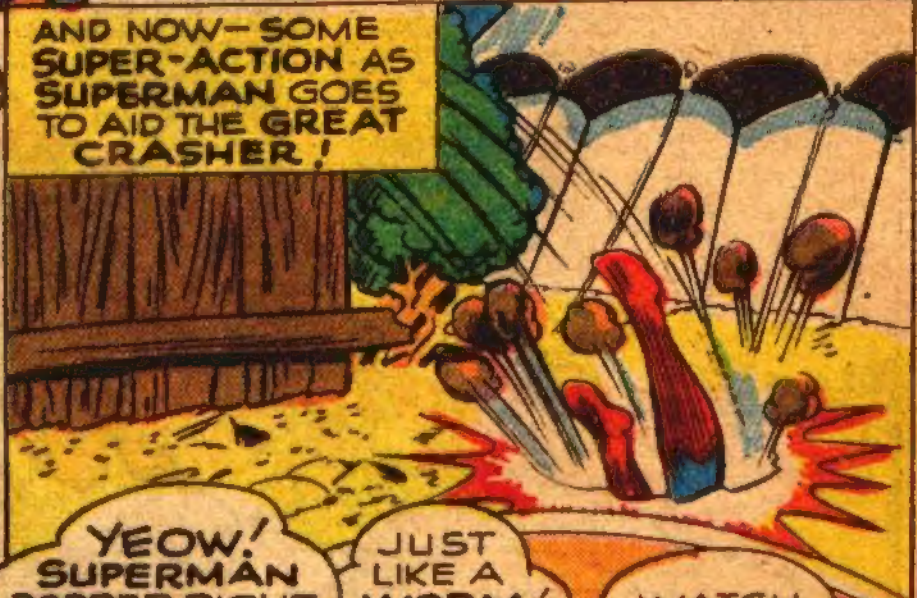
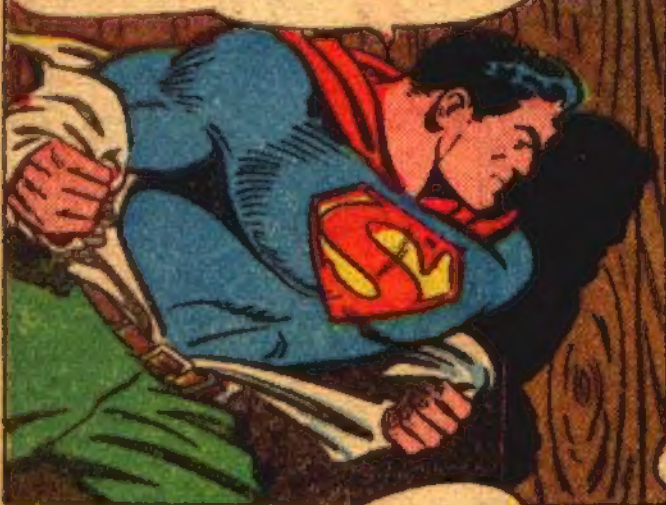
ULP! TOO MANY FOR ME! I'LL GET THE POLICE!

YOU DON'T SCARE THE GREAT CRASHER!



THAT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT CONVINCES LOIS THAT CLARK KENT IS A COWARD. BUT TO SWITCH TO SUPERMAN, I HAD TO GET AWAY.

AND NOW— SOME SUPER-ACTION AS SUPERMAN GOES TO AID THE GREAT CRASHER!



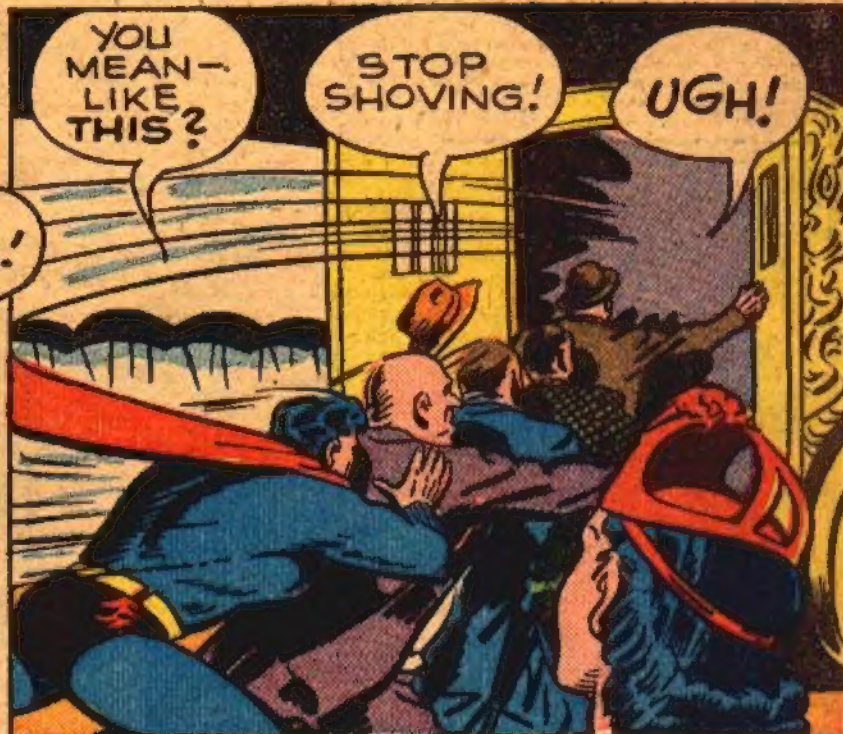
YEOW! SUPERMAN POPPED RIGHT OUTA TH' GROUND!

JUST LIKE A WORM!

WATCH THE WORM TURN!

I'LL GET DOWN TO EARTH AND GIVE THOSE HOODLUMS THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!





REVERTING TO THE MEEK
IDENTITY OF CLARK KENT,
THE MAN OF TOMORROW
REJOINS LOIS...

IT NEVER
FAILS—WHEN
YOU WANT A
POLICEMAN
YOU CAN'T
FIND ONE!

NEVER
MIND! WHILE
YOU RAN LIKE
A SCARED
RABBIT,
SUPERMAN
RESCUED
THE GREAT
CRASHER!

THE GREAT CRASHER!
I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW
HIM!

WELL,
HERE'S
YOUR
CHANCE!

BEG PARDON,
MR. VINCENT.
I'M FROM THE
DAILY PLANET.
HOW ABOUT AN
INTERVIEW?

SORRY! BUSINESS
BEFORE PLEASURE! YOU
CAN INTERVIEW ME AFTER
I'VE CRASHED THIS
GATE! SEE YOU
INSIDE!

LATER, INSIDE
THE CIRCUS...

NO TRACE
OF THE
GREAT CRASHER! HE
MUST HAVE FAILED...

I NEVER
FAIL!

EH? WHO
SAID
THAT?

I DID,
MR. KENT!

DON'T BE
SCARED FOLKS!
IT'S ONLY
ME!

THE GREAT
CRASHER!!

IT'S A
TALKING
APE!

AMAZING! YOU GOT IN FREE BY DISGUIISING YOURSELF AS AN APE?

UNBELIEVABLE! HA! HA! NOTHING TO IT. I RENTED AN APE COSTUME... ENTERED AN EMPTY ANIMAL CAGE ABOUT TO BE WHEELED INTO THE CIRCUS—AND HERE I AM!

SO CLARK GETS ONE OF THE MOST NOVEL INTERVIEWS OF HIS CAREER!

AND ONE TIME, TO CRASH AN EXCLUSIVE PARTY, I GOT A JOB WITH THE FIRM THAT PRINTED THE INVITATIONS, TO KEEP ONE FOR MYSELF.

LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUGSY MAGOON MOB...

MUGSY, THE REASON OUR BANKROLL IS SO FLAT IS THAT YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO THINK UP CLEVER CRIME JOBS!

OUR GANG COULD GO PLACES IF WE HAD A LEADER WIT' BRAINS.

QUIET!

OKAY, SO I'M A SAP! BUT THIS DAILY PLANET STORY GIVES ME AN IDEA HOW WE CAN GET A BRAIN FER OUR MOB. LISTEN—

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH WORLDS DAFTEST MOOCHER BY CLARK KENT

NEXT EVENING—OUTSIDE THE MUNICIPAL BOXING ARENA...

ALL THOSE FANS ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN THERE, AN' WE GOTTA LUG ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT TO TH' ARENA'S MANAGER!

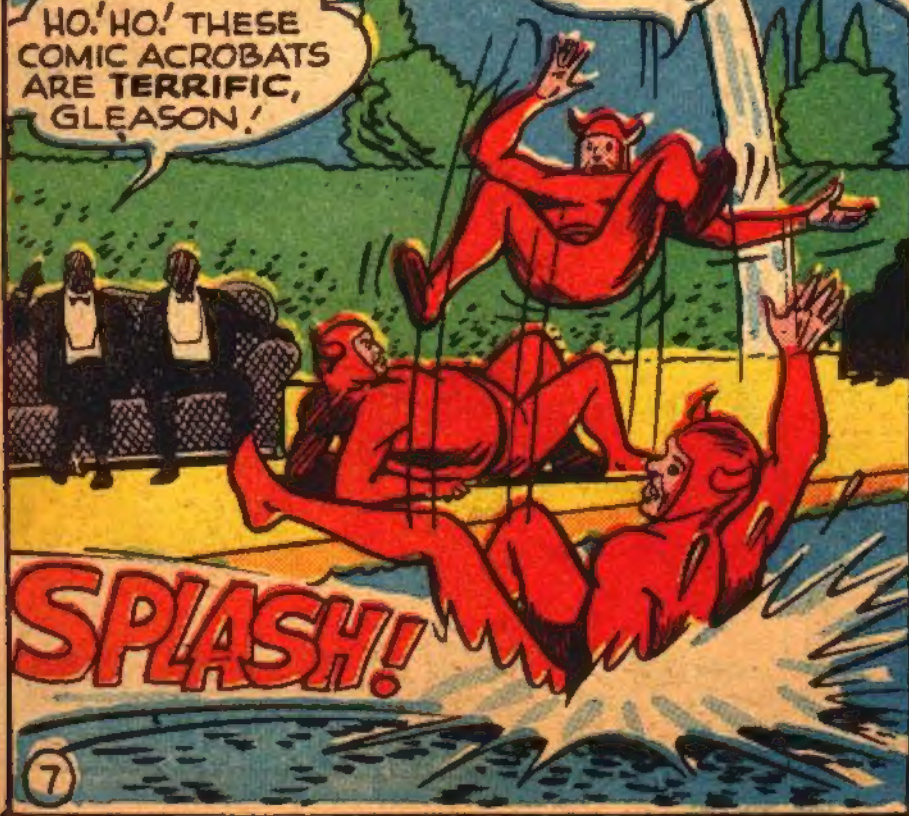
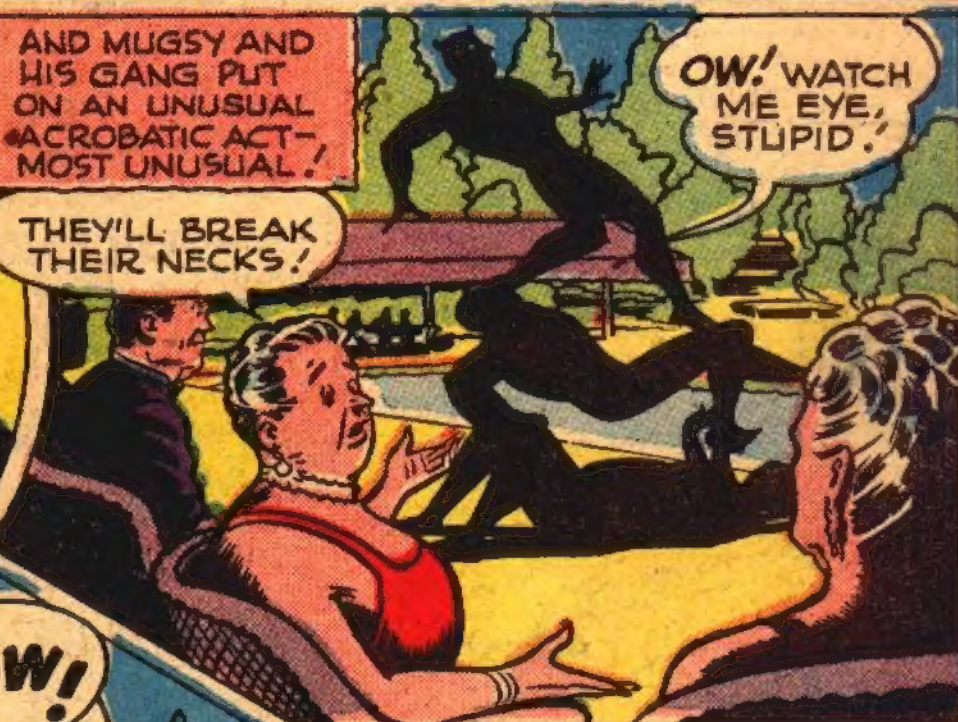
RELAX, HUBERT. WE WILL REST BEFORE RETURNING TO THE GRIND.

HEH! HEH!

MILLE MOON

CAR 10015 0011







NEXT DAY...

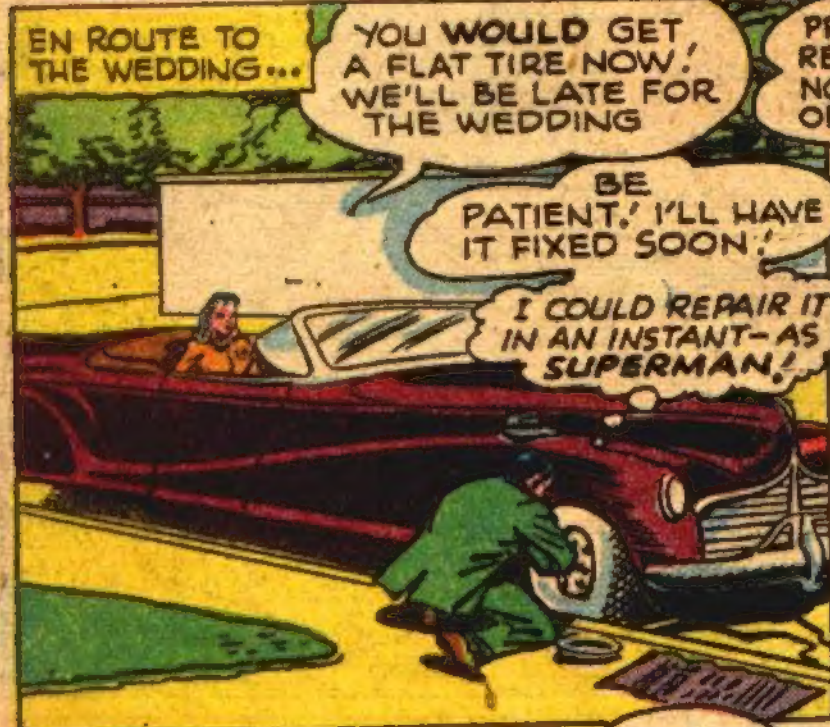
ENTERING AS ACROBATS AND ROBBING THAT ART COLLECTOR'S HOUSE WAS WORTHY OF THE GREAT CRASHER!

HMM... TRUE! BUT I'M SURE VINCE IS NO CROOK!

HERE ARE INVITATIONS TO THE SUTTON WEDDING. COVER IT!

CRASHING THIS WEDDING WOULD BE A TOUGH JOB!

YES! I HEAR THE BRIDE WILL WEAR A PRECIOUS STRING OF PEARLS!



EN ROUTE TO THE WEDDING...

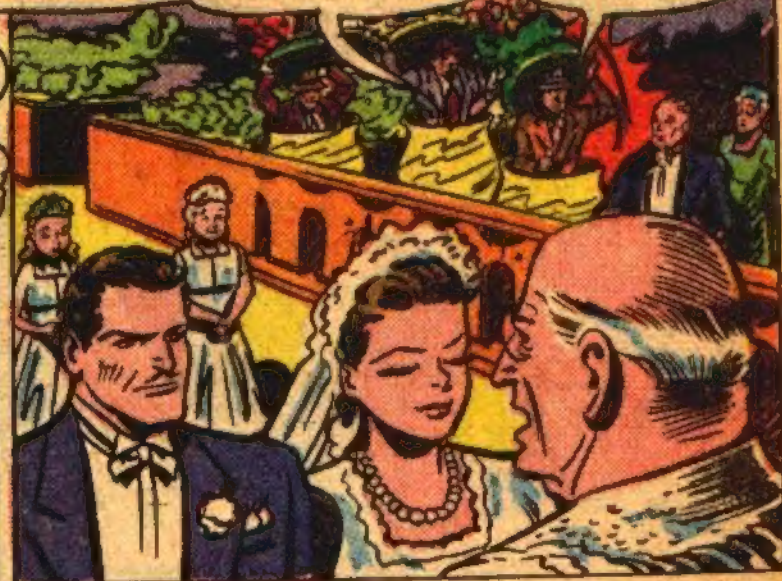
YOU WOULD GET A FLAT TIRE NOW! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE WEDDING

BE PATIENT! I'LL HAVE IT FIXED SOON!

I COULD REPAIR IT IN AN INSTANT—AS SUPERMAN!

IF THERE BE ANYONE PRESENT WHO KNOWS ANY REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT WED, LET HIM SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE!

OUR GUNS WILL SPEAK FOR US—STOP THE WEDDING!



THE PEARLS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE—AN' WE GOT 'EM!

IT WAS CLEVER OF VINCE TO HAVE US SENT HERE IN LARGE FLOWER-FILLED VASES.

HE GOT THE IDEA FROM "ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES"!

PARKING



ARMED THUGS! THERE'S BEEN A ROBBERY!

GOT TO STOP THEM—WITHOUT REVEALING THAT I'M SUPERMAN!

DELIBERATELY, CLARK SIDESWIPES THE CROOKS' CAR...

CLARK!

SCREENED BY BUSHES, CLARK CHANGES TO SUPERMAN!

THINGS MAY LOOK ROSY FOR THOSE THIEVES RIGHT NOW, BUT THEY'RE ABOUT TO FEEL THE THORNS!

POOR LOIS! SHE DOESN'T REALIZE I'M LEAPING OUT OF THE CAR, NOT BEING HURLED OUT!

PEEK-A-BOO!

BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM!

WITH SUPER-SPEED, SUPERMAN TRANSFERS THE ROPES FROM THE CAPTIVE TRUCKMEN TO THE THUGS...

THEY LOOK MUCH BETTER ON YOU FELLOWS!

STREAKING BACK TO THE BUSHES, SUPERMAN CHANGES TO KENT SECONDS BEFORE LOIS REACHES HIM!

LUCKY FOR ME THE BUSHES BROKE MY FALL!

WHEW!—I WAS SURE YOU'D BE KILLED!

WELL, WE GOT A TOP-NOTCH STORY, AND SUPERMAN FOILED THE CROOKS' GETAWAY!

HM-MPH! SOMETIMES I THINK SUPERMAN IS A PUBLICITY HOUND!

AT MUGSY'S HIDEOUT...

YOU AN' YER SMART PLANS! MY MEN DIDN'T GET THAT PEARL NECK-LACE, AFTER ALL.

(COUGH!) COULD I HELP IT IF SUPERMAN BARGED IN?

YER GETTIN' ONE MORE CHANCE! AT THE ARMORY, TH' ARMY IS GONNA SHOW REPORTERS A LOAD OF JEWELS THAT WAS BROUGHT INTO THE U.S. FROM EUROPE. THE JOINT WILL BE GUARDED BY SOLDIERS.

BUT THE TOUGHEST PART IS THAT SUPERMAN IS TO HELP GUARD TH' JEWELS! YE'RE PROBLEM IS TO FIGURE OUT HOW WE CAN SNATCH THEM GEMS RIGHT UNDER SUPERMAN'S NOSE!

THAT WON'T BE EASY!

I'VE GOT TO TIP OFF SUPERMAN ABOUT THE PLOT I AM FORCED TO DEVISE FOR MUGSY!

THIS JOB WILL BRING US ENOUGH TO RETIRE! HE'LL PLAN HOW TO STALL SUPERMAN, THEN WE'LL RUB OUT VINCE.

NEXT DAY...

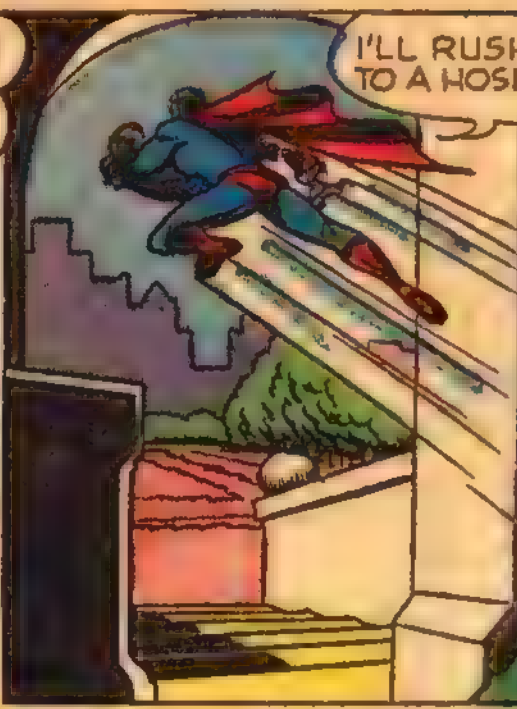
THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE! I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR ASKING SUPERMAN'S AID!

THERE'S A COMMOTION AT THE DOOR!



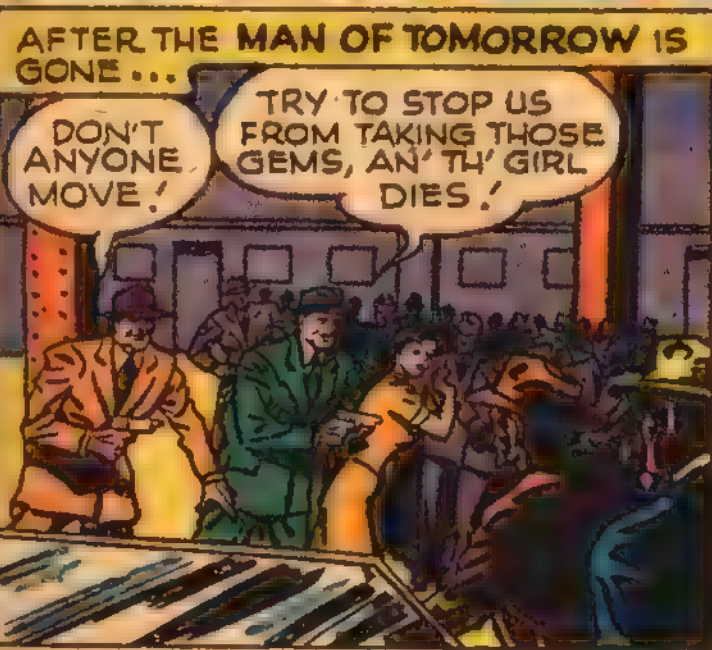
WHAT IS IT, SENTRY?

THIS MAN WAS ARGUING WITH SOMEONE, SIR. THERE WAS A SHOT. HE FELL WHILE THE OTHER ESCAPED!



I'LL RUSH HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

SUPERMAN FELL FOR THE PHONEY SHOOTING, JUST LIKE VINCE SAID HE WOULD!



AFTER THE MAN OF TOMORROW IS GONE...

DON'T ANYONE MOVE!

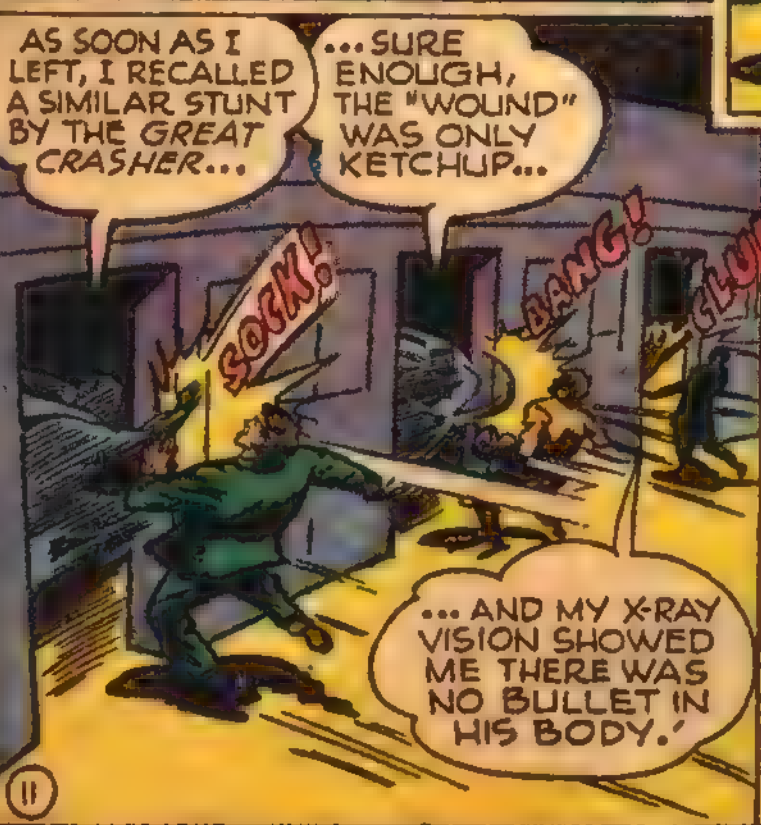
TRY TO STOP US FROM TAKING THOSE GEMS, AN' TH' GIRL DIES!



BUT AS THE THUGS GRAB THE LOOT...

THAT PHONEY SHOOTING DIDN'T FOOL ME—BUT I USED IT TO FOOL YOU!

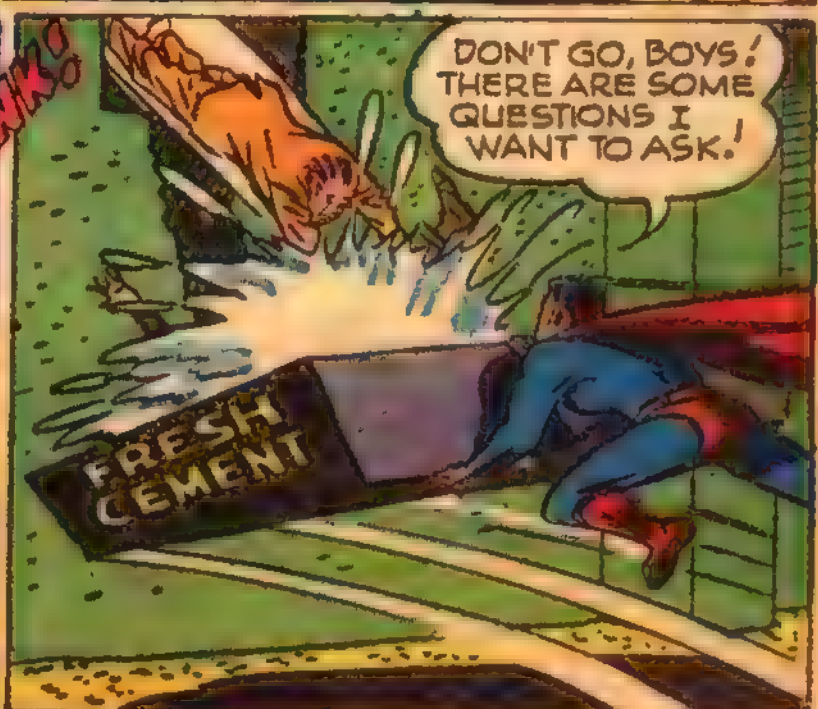
OW!



AS SOON AS I LEFT, I RECALLED A SIMILAR STUNT BY THE GREAT CRASHER...

...SURE ENOUGH, THE "WOUND" WAS ONLY KETCHUP...

...AND MY X-RAY VISION SHOWED ME THERE WAS NO BULLET IN HIS BODY.



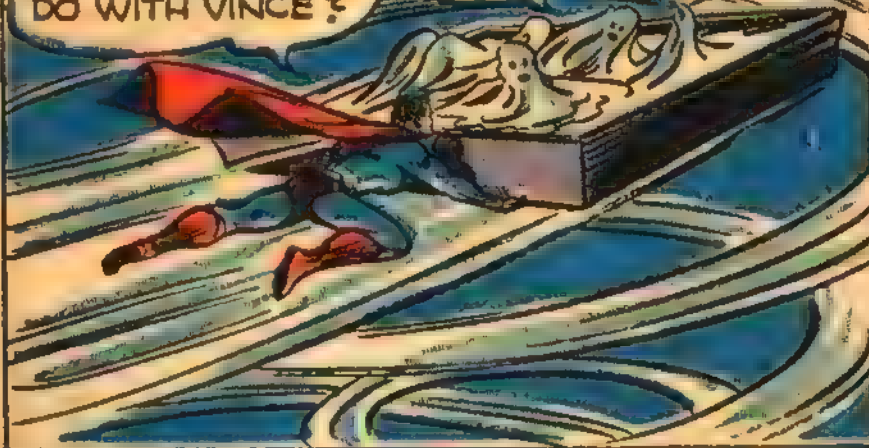
DON'T GO, BOYS! THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS I WANT TO ASK!

FRESH CEMENT

YOU'D BETTER
TALK FAST—GIVE
ME ANSWERS
BEFORE THIS
CEMENT HARDENS
... WHAT DID YOU
DO WITH VINCE?

MUGSY'S
GOT HIM!
STOP—
PLEASE
STOP...
OOOW!

MUGSY'S
GONNA BUMP
HIM OFF AT
OUR HIDEOUT!
YIII!



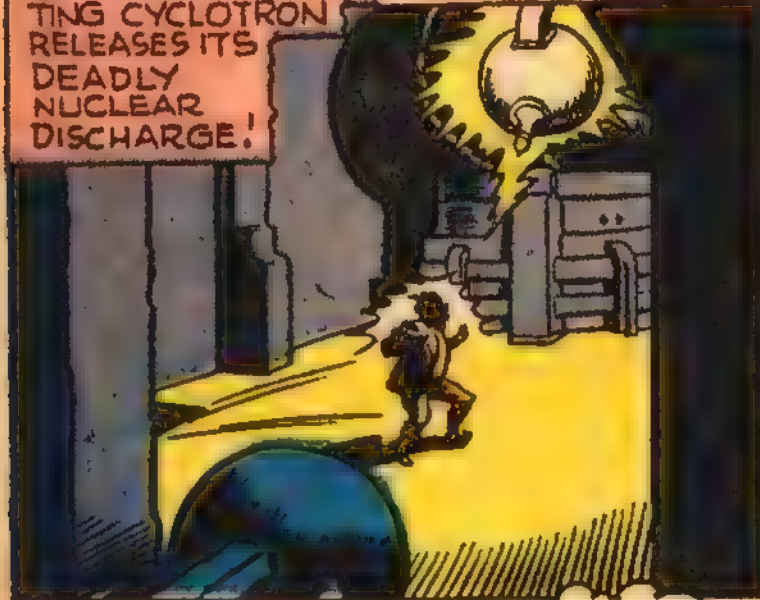
MEANWHILE, IN AN ALLEY BEHIND THE
GANG HANGOUT...

I'M T'ROUGH
WIT' YA,
CHUMP! SO—

NO! I WON'T
LET YOU
KILL ME!

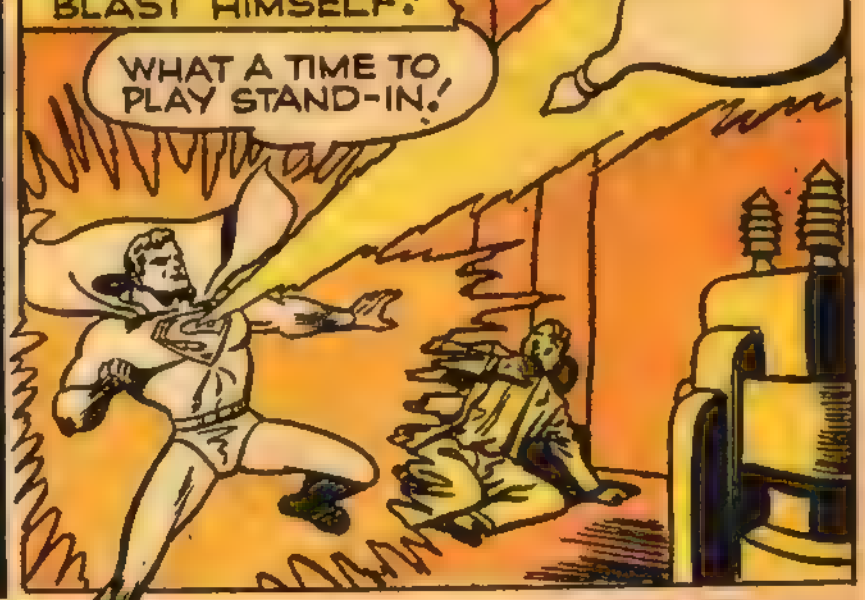


AND NOW THE *GREAT CRASHER*
CRASHES HIS ODDEST GATE—INTO A
SCIENTIFIC LAB JUST AS AN ATOM-SPLIT-
TING CYCLOTRON
RELEASES ITS
DEADLY
NUCLEAR
DISCHARGE!



BUT—SPEEDING IN, SUPERMAN HURLS
VINCE TO SAFETY, AND RECEIVES THE
FULL FORCE OF THE TREMENDOUS
BLAST HIMSELF!

WHAT A TIME TO
PLAY STAND-IN!



WHEW! SUPERMAN
ALMOST NABBED ME—
BUT I GOT AWAY!

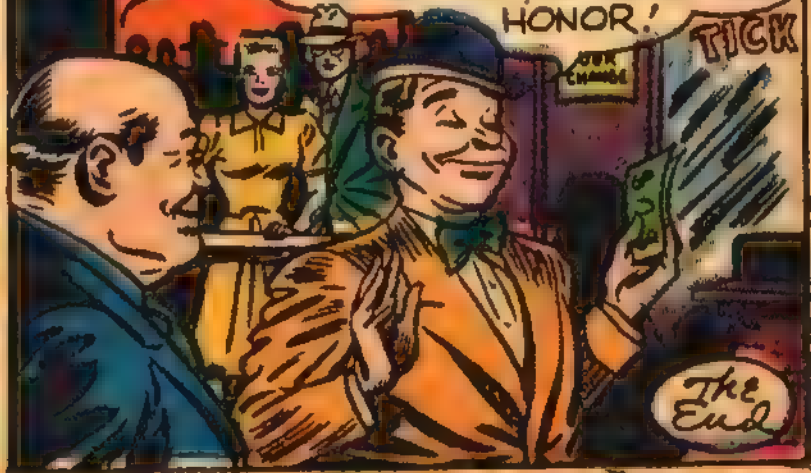
THAT'S
WHAT HE
THINKS!

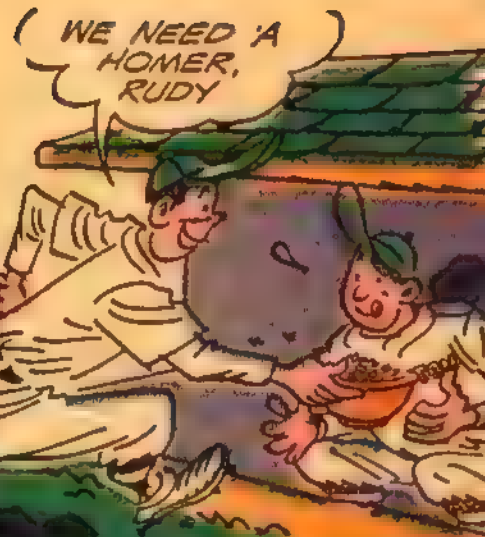
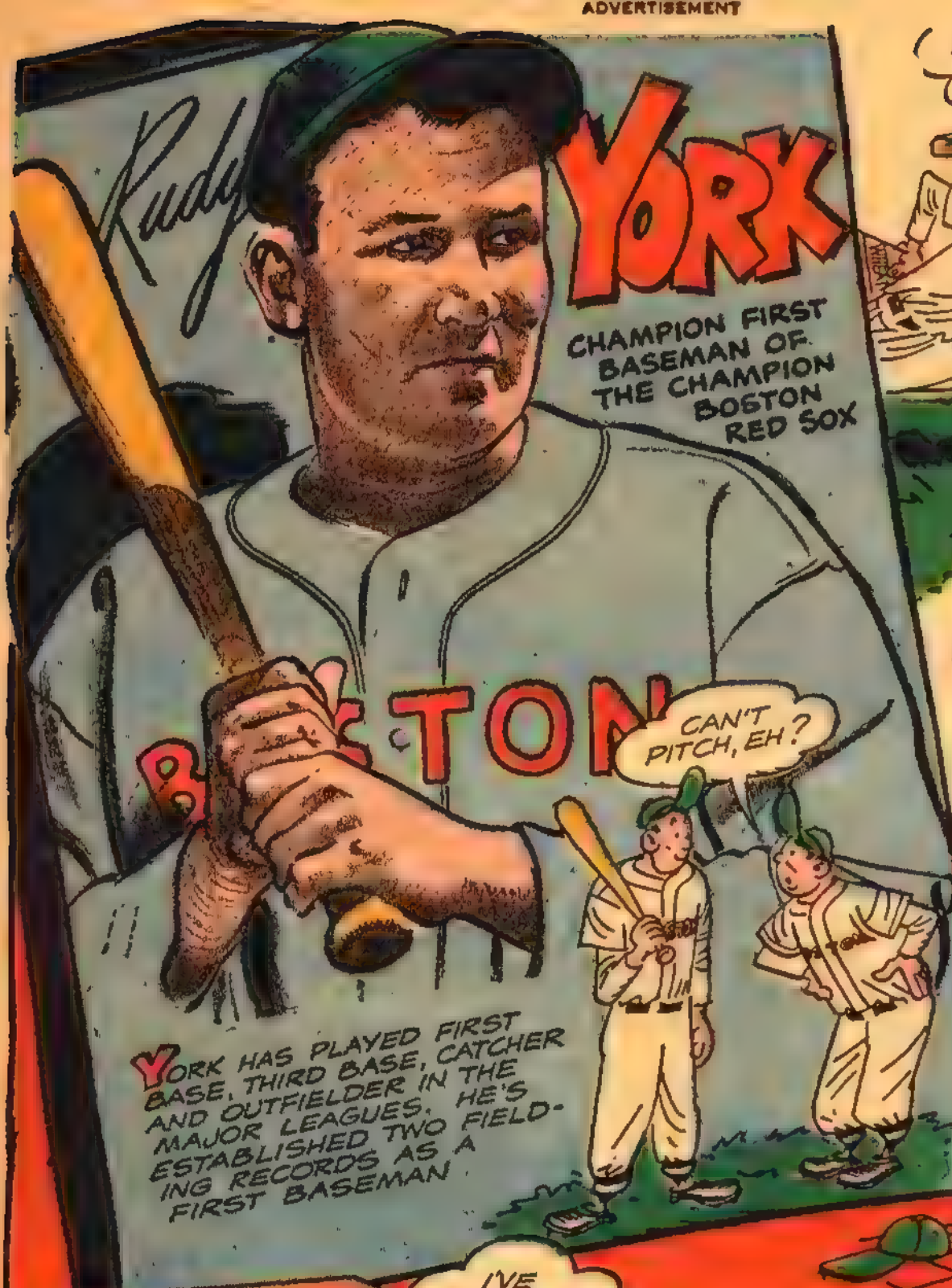


AND HOW DOES THE ENSUING PUBLICITY
AFFECT THE *GREAT CRASHER*?

YOU CAN
WALK IN FREE
ANY TIME YOU
PLEASE, VINCE!

NO! I'M PAYING FOR MY
TICKET! SUPERMAN SHOWED
ME THAT A GATE-CRASHER IS
A SNEAK, AND NOW THAT
I'M A FRIEND OF SUPERMAN,
I'VE GOT TO LIVE UP TO THE
HONOR!





YORK'S BIG BAT PUNCHED OUT HOMERS TO WIN TWO OF THREE GAMES REGISTERED BY THE RED SOX IN THE 1946 WORLD'S SERIES

JUST WHAT I WANTED!



I'VE PICKED A WINNER!

"NOBODY ASKS ME WHAT I WANT FOR BREAKFAST," SAYS RUDY YORK. "THEY KNOW I'M GOING TO START WITH WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' A GOOD SUPPLY OF WHEATIES WITH MILK AND FRUIT IS MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH -- AND MIGHTY SWELL TASTING. WHEN YOU GET NEXT TO WHEATIES, YOU KNOW YOU PICKED A WINNER."

WHEATIES

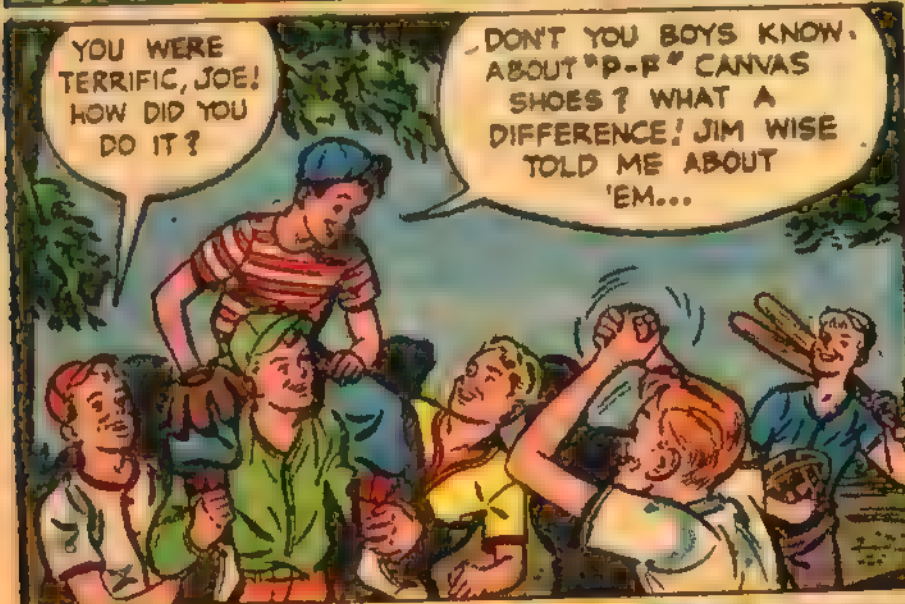
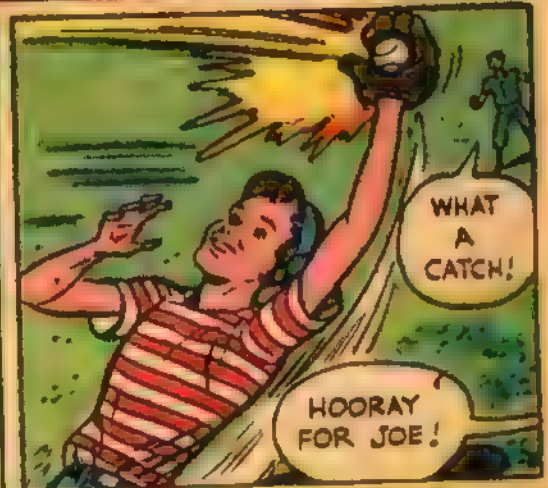
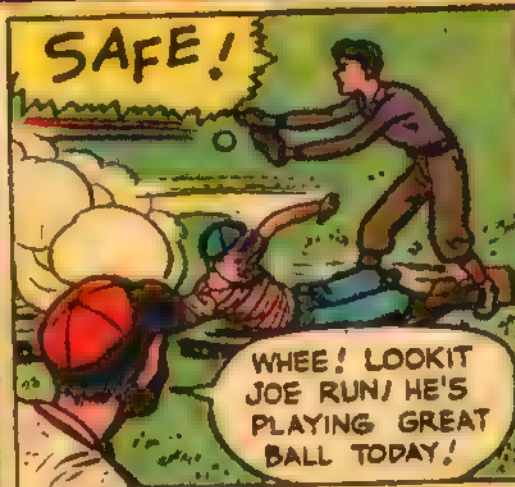
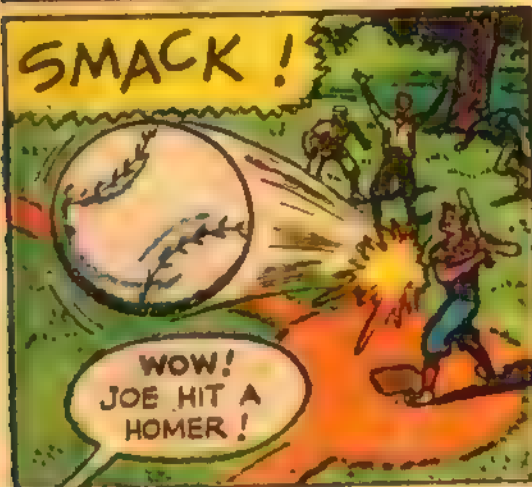
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

POKEY JOE'S SECRET WEAPON

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



WHAT JIM WISE TOLD JOE
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F"

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION...A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES
MADE BY

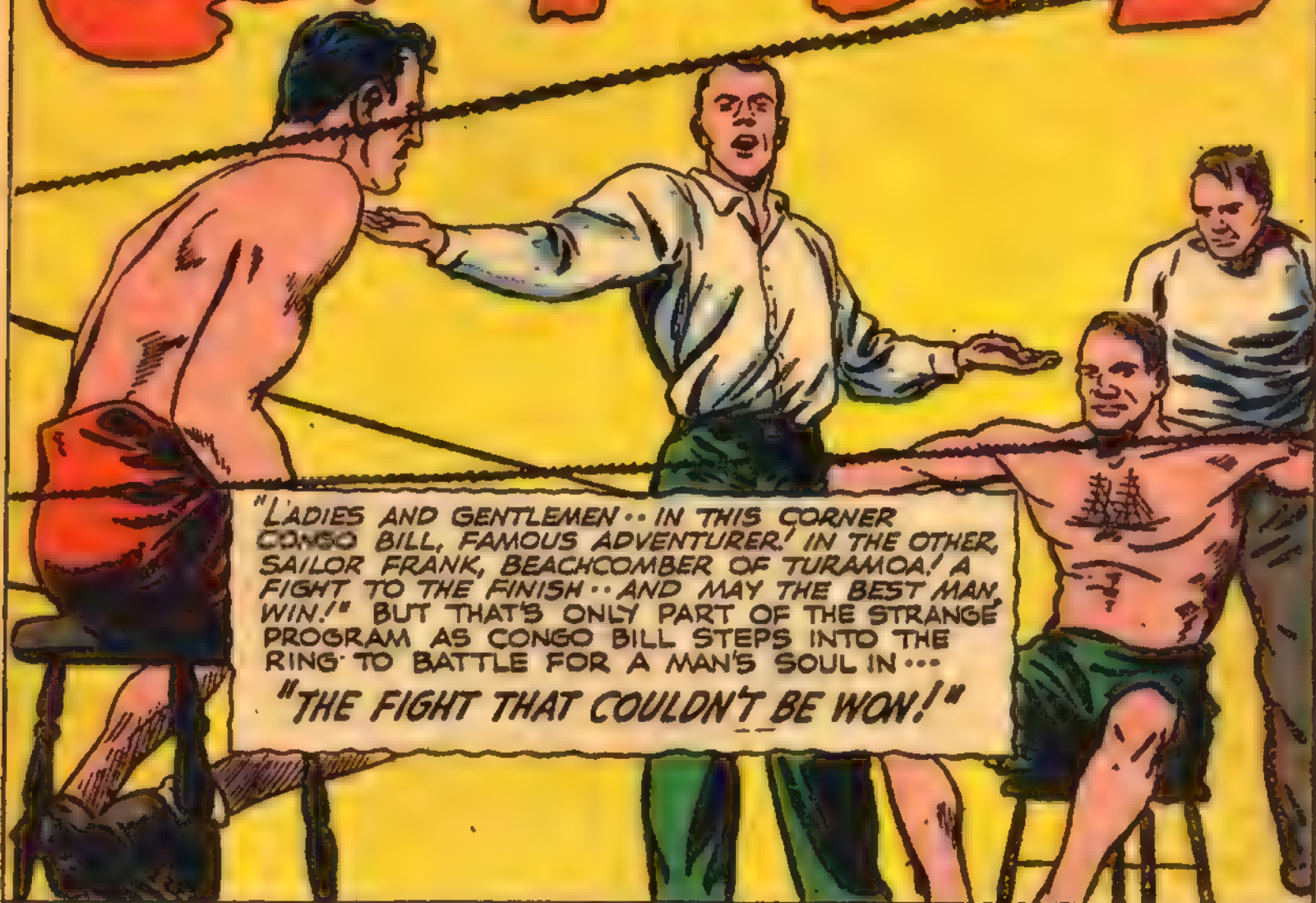
B.F. Goodrich and HOOD RUBBER CO.



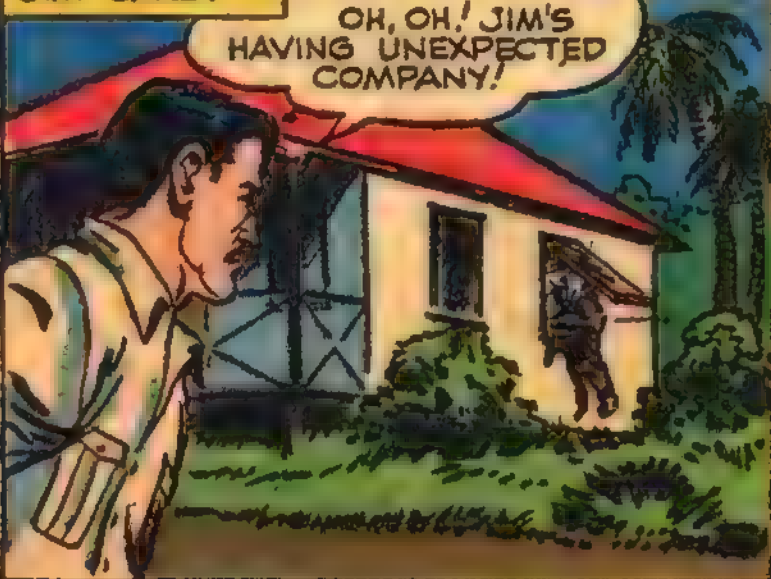
THE NEXT DAY...



CONGO BILL

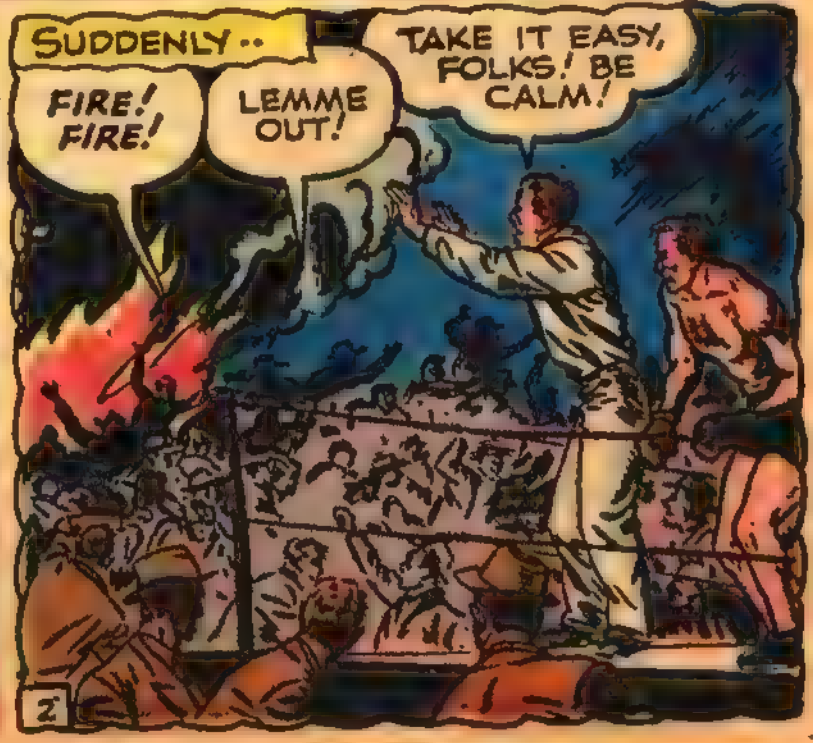
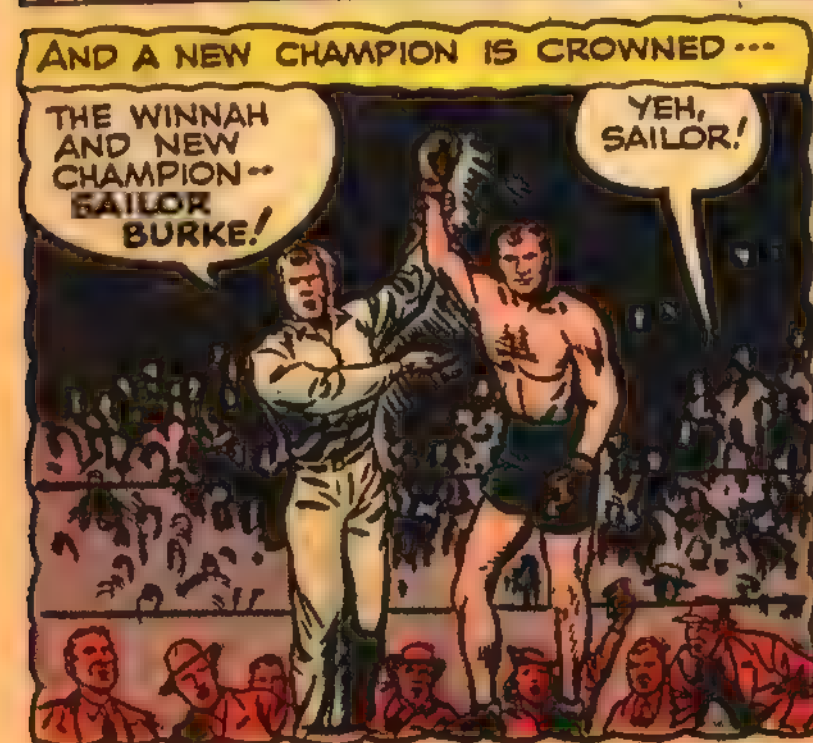
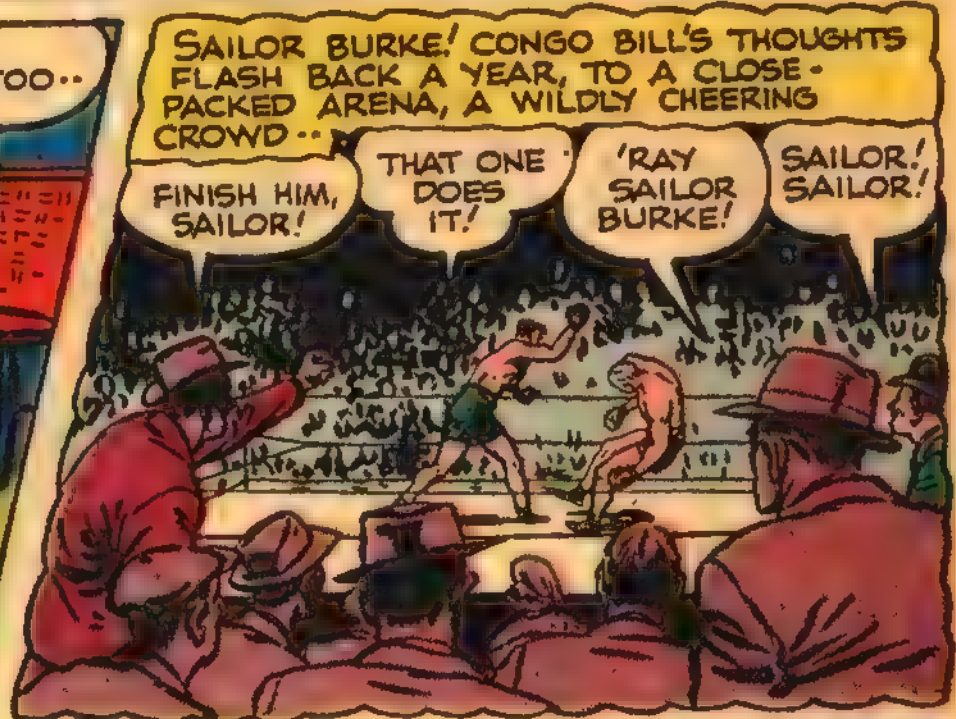
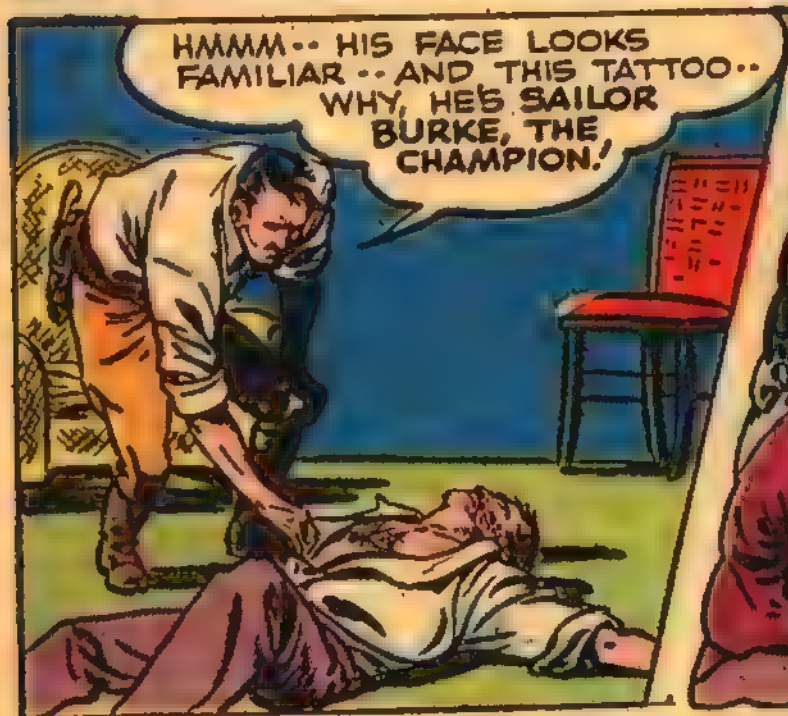


CONGO BILL, VISITING ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF TURAMOA, APPROACHES THE BUNGALOW OF HIS PLANTER FRIEND, JIM CAREY...



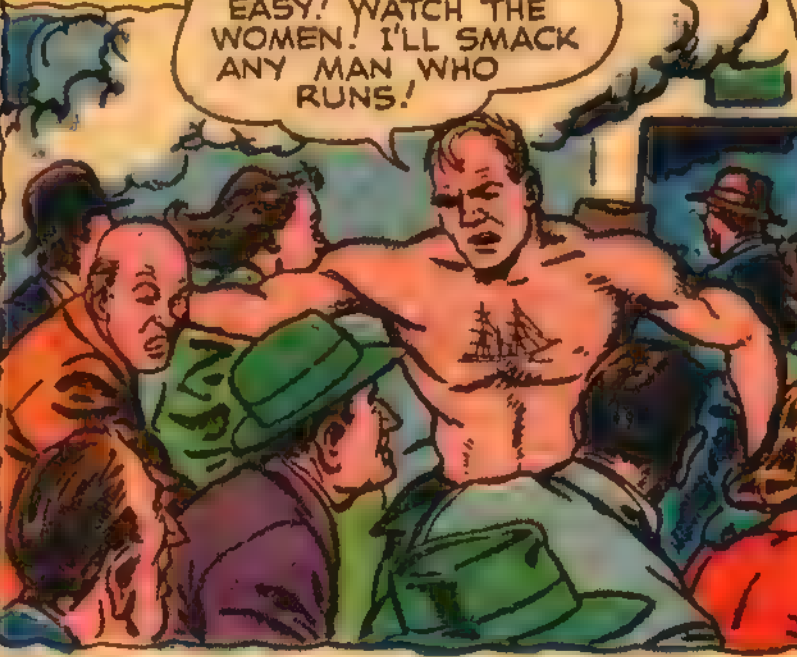
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...





ALONE, THE NEW CHAMPION STEMS THE PANIC...

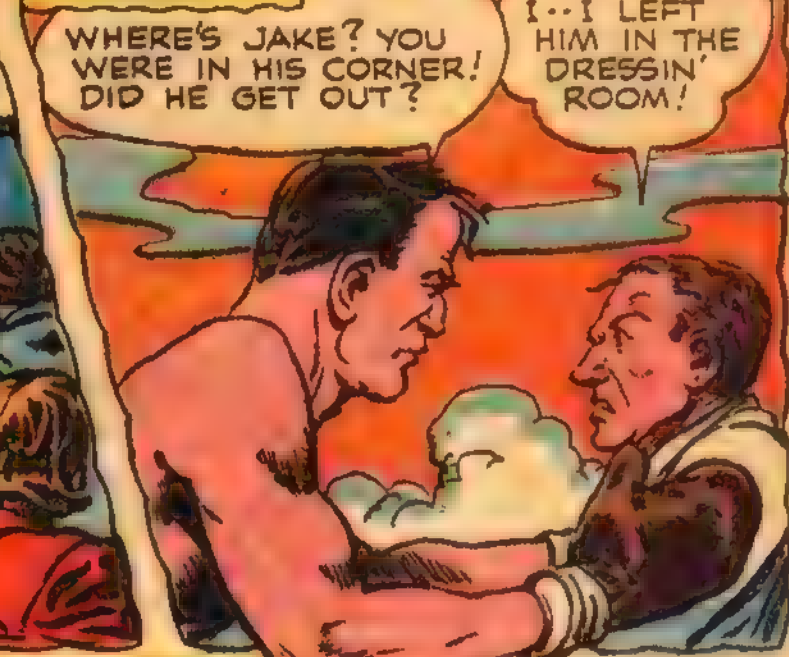
EASY! WATCH THE WOMEN. I'LL SMACK ANY MAN WHO RUNS!



THEN SAILOR LOOKS FOR HIS LATE OPPONENT...

WHERE'S JAKE? YOU WERE IN HIS CORNER! DID HE GET OUT?

I... I LEFT HIM IN THE DRESSIN' ROOM!



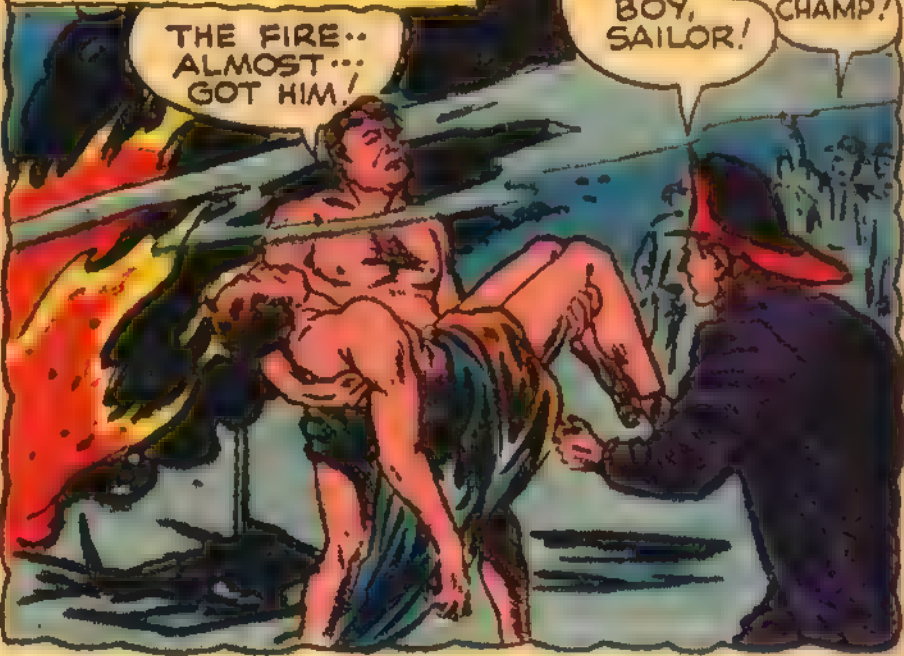
THE YELLOW RATS LEFT JAKE TO BURN WHILE THEY SAVED THEMSELVES!



LONG MINUTES LATER...

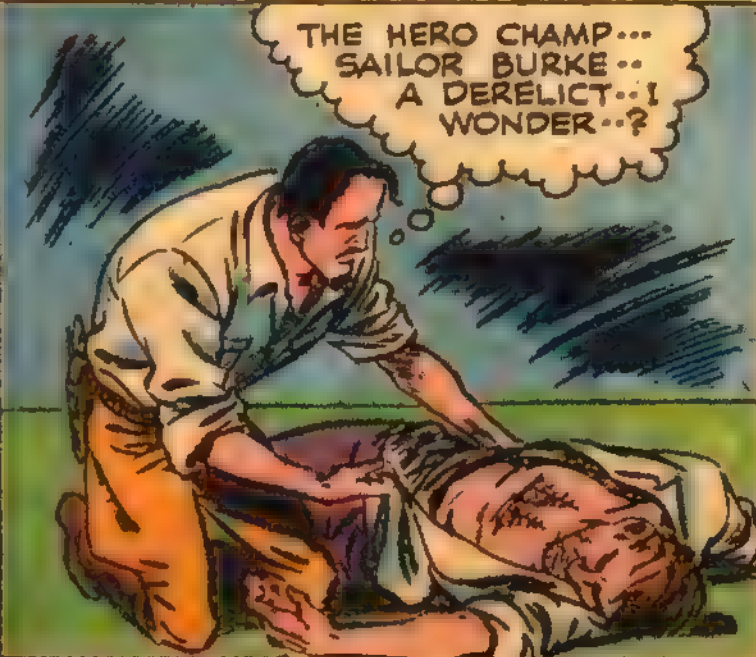
THE FIRE... ALMOST... GOT HIM!

ATTA - BOY, SAILOR! HURRAY, CHAMP!



AND NOW, BACK TO TURAMOA...

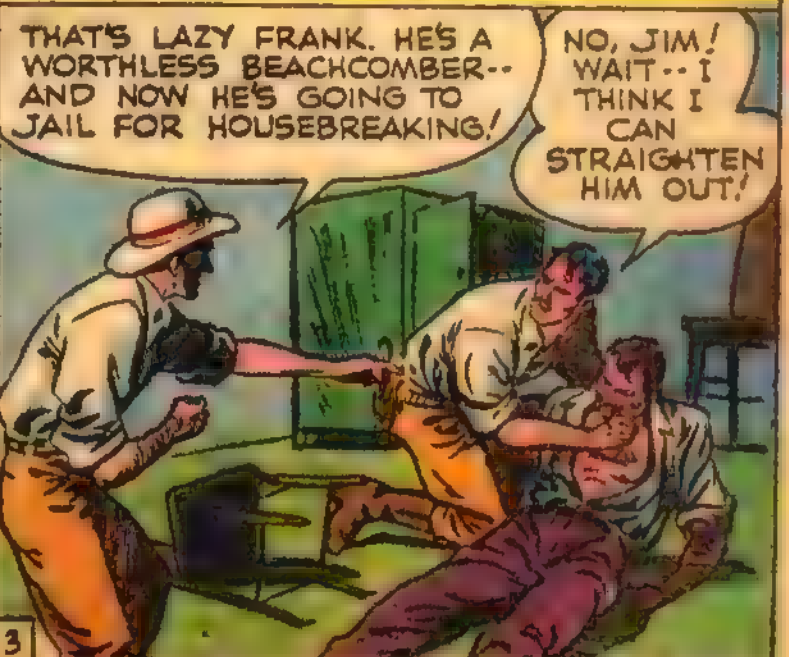
THE HERO CHAMP... SAILOR BURKE... A DERELICT... I WONDER...?

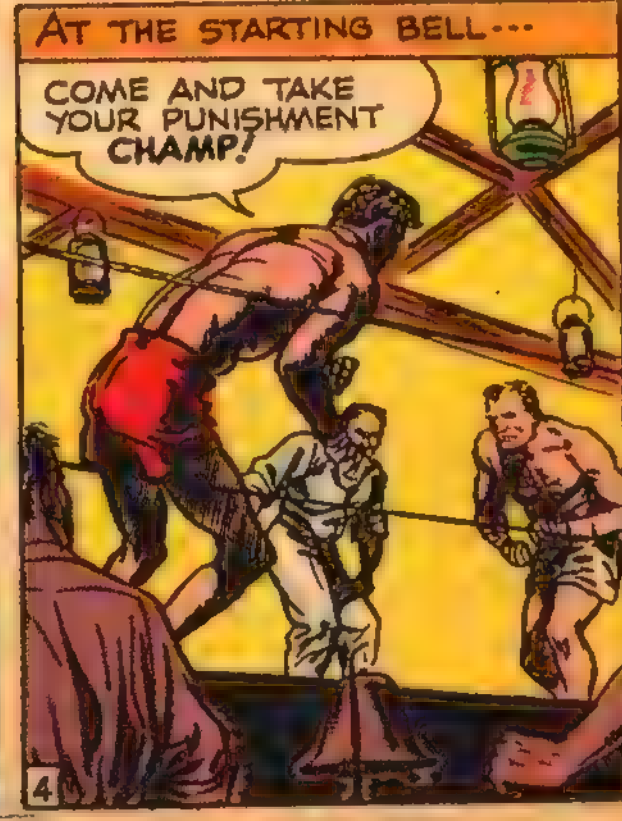
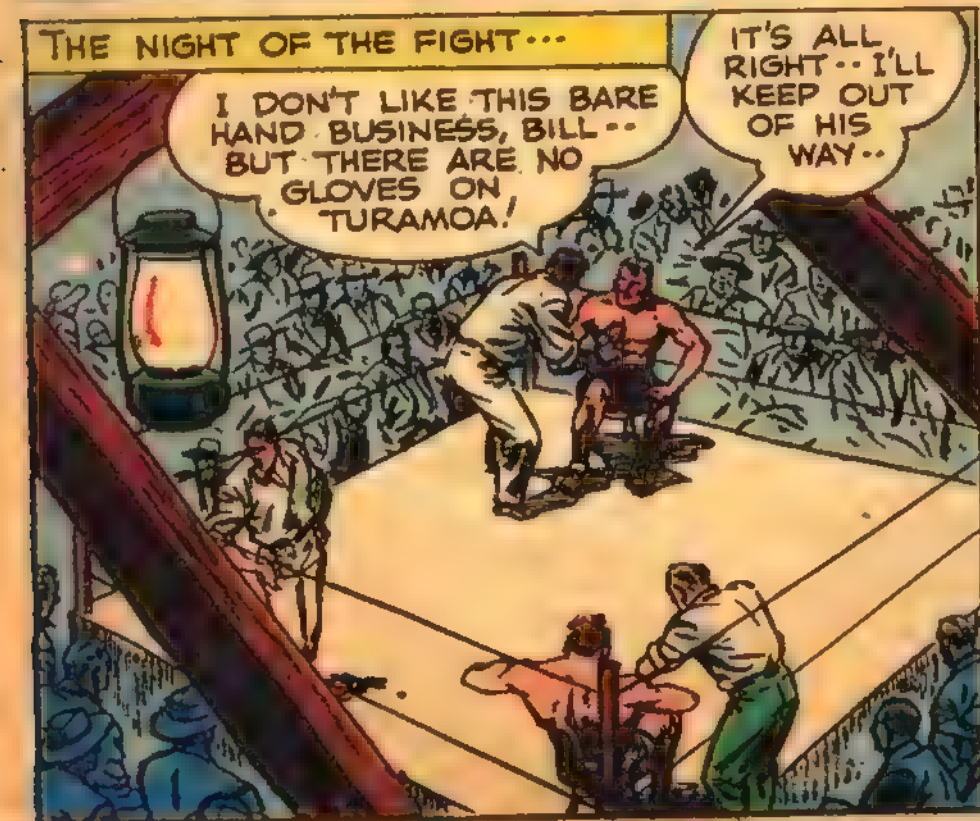
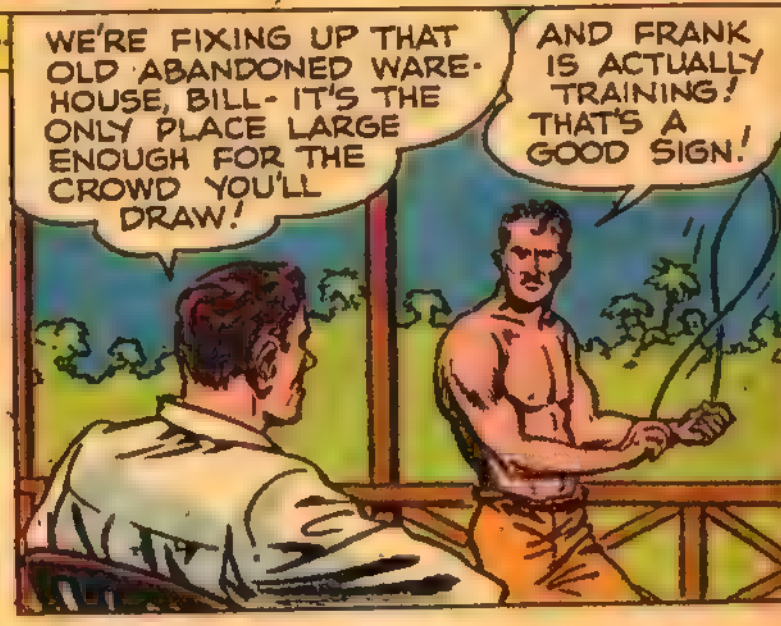
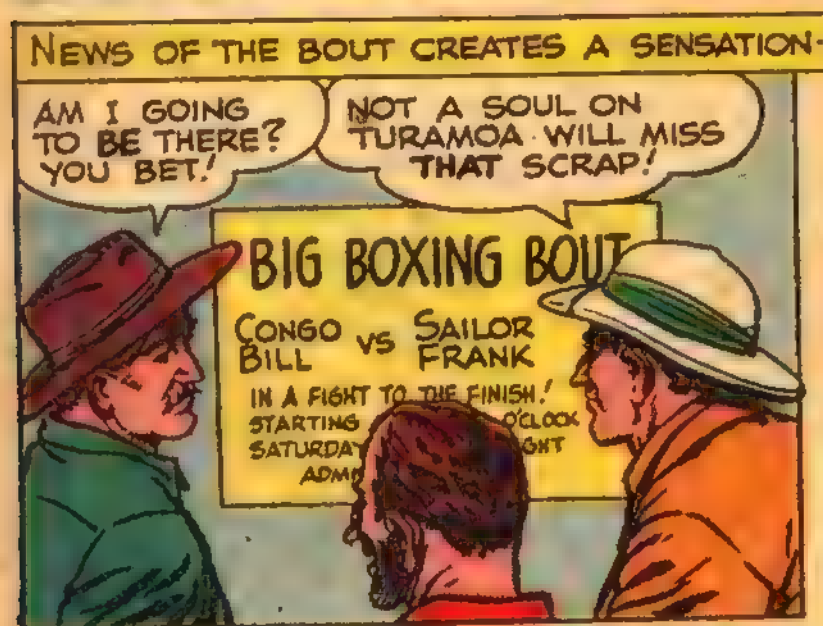


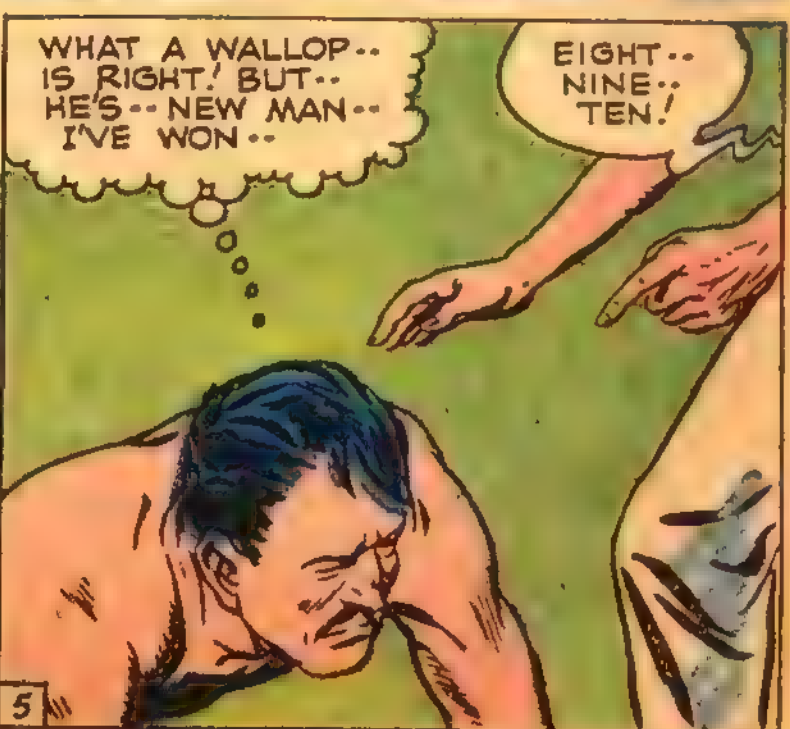
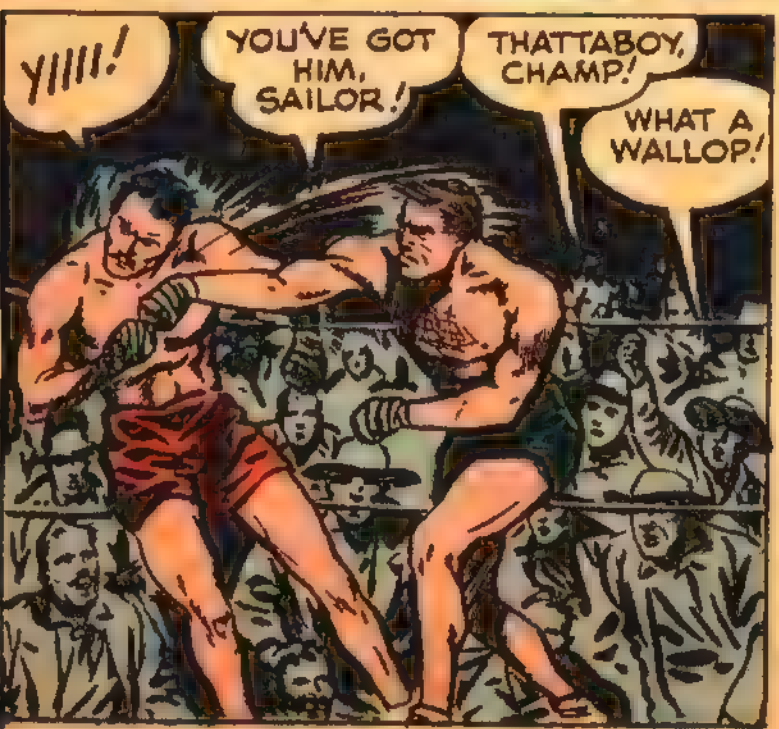
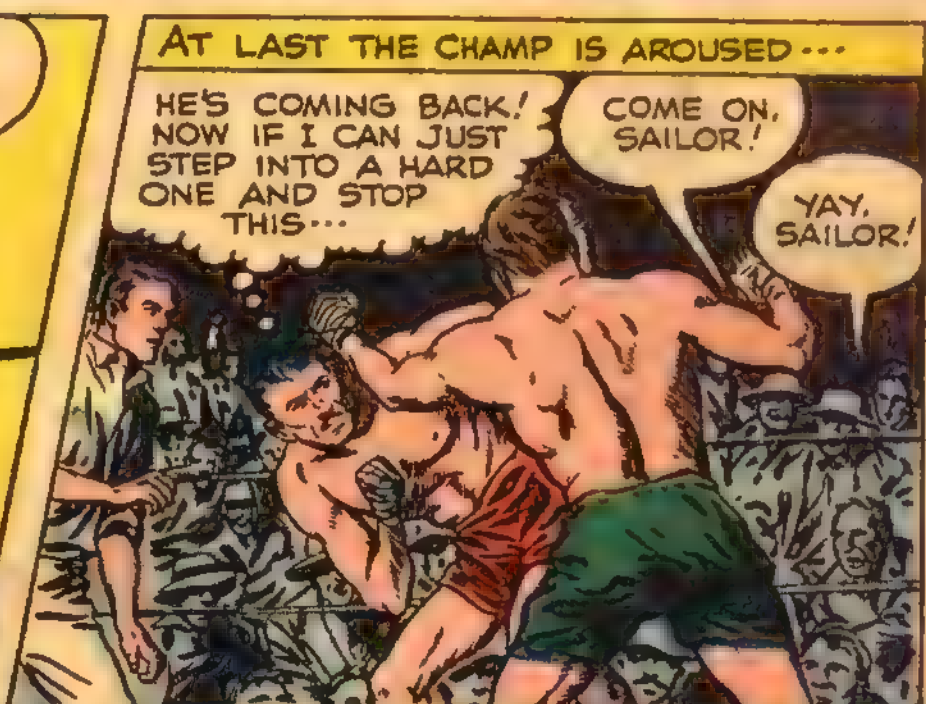
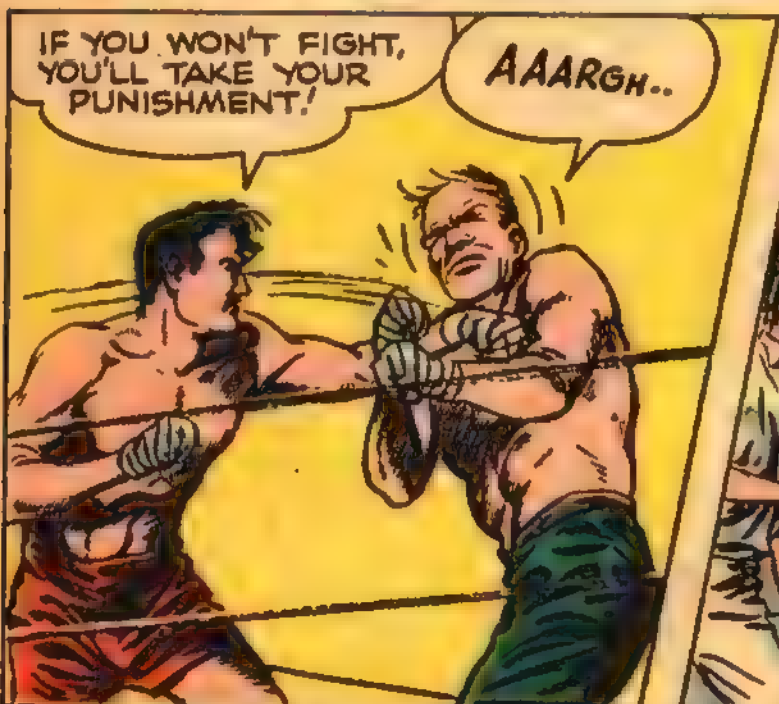
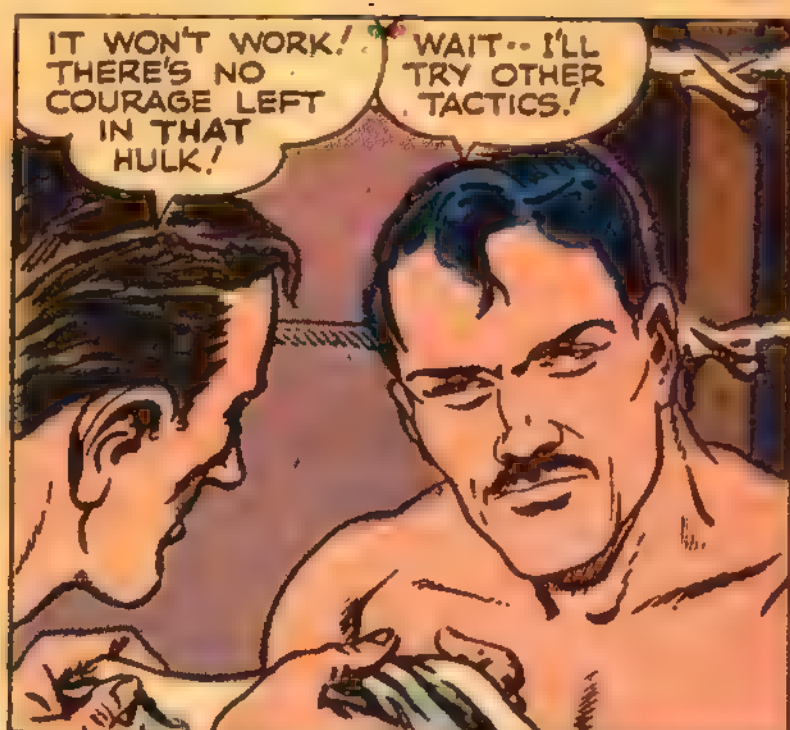
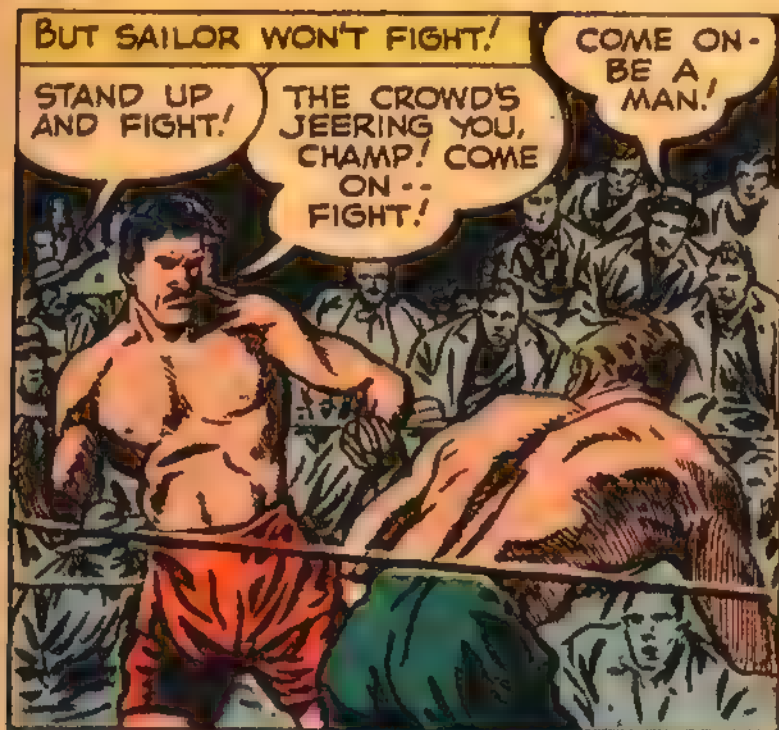
THEN JIM CAREY ARRIVES...

THAT'S LAZY FRANK. HE'S A WORTHLESS BEACHCOMBER-- AND NOW HE'S GOING TO JAIL FOR HOUSEBREAKING!

NO, JIM! WAIT-- I THINK I CAN STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT!







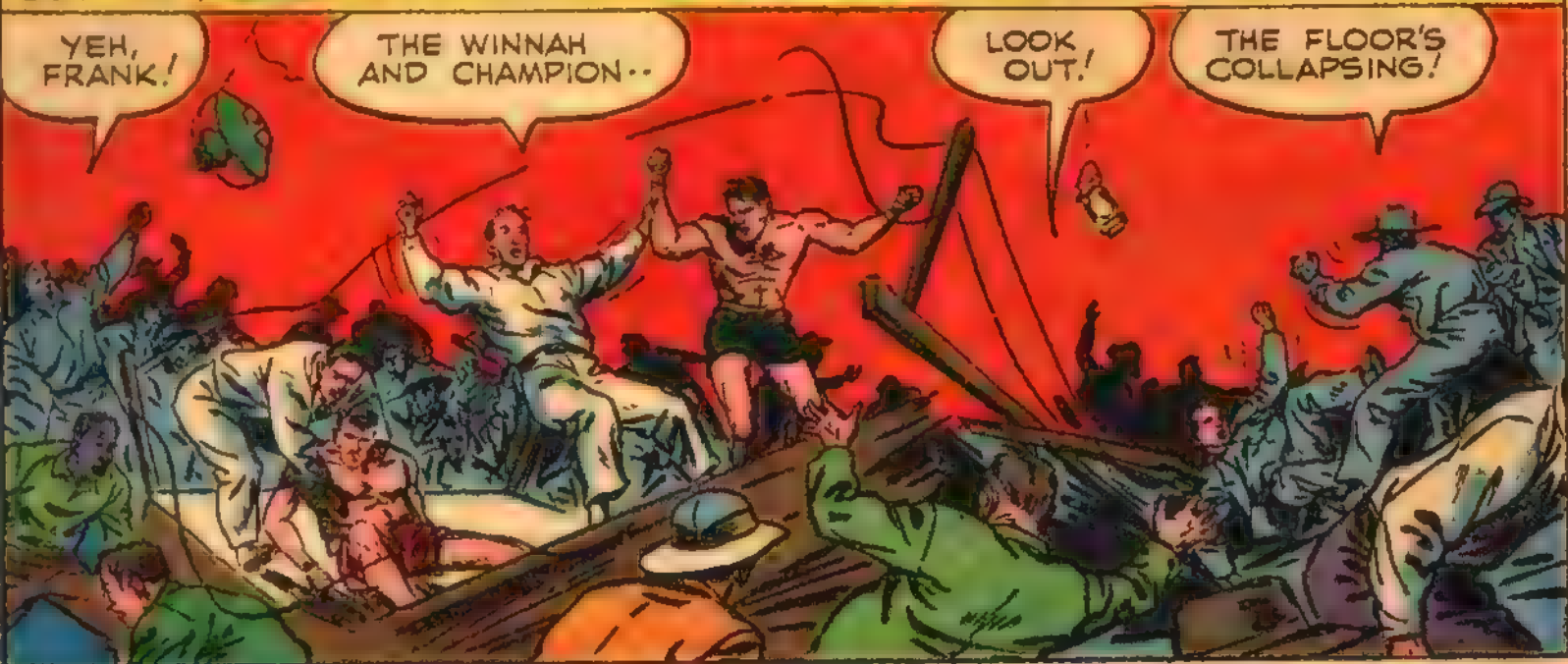
BUT THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH IS TOO MUCH FOR THE OLD WAREHOUSE...

YEH, FRANK!

THE WINNAH AND CHAMPION..

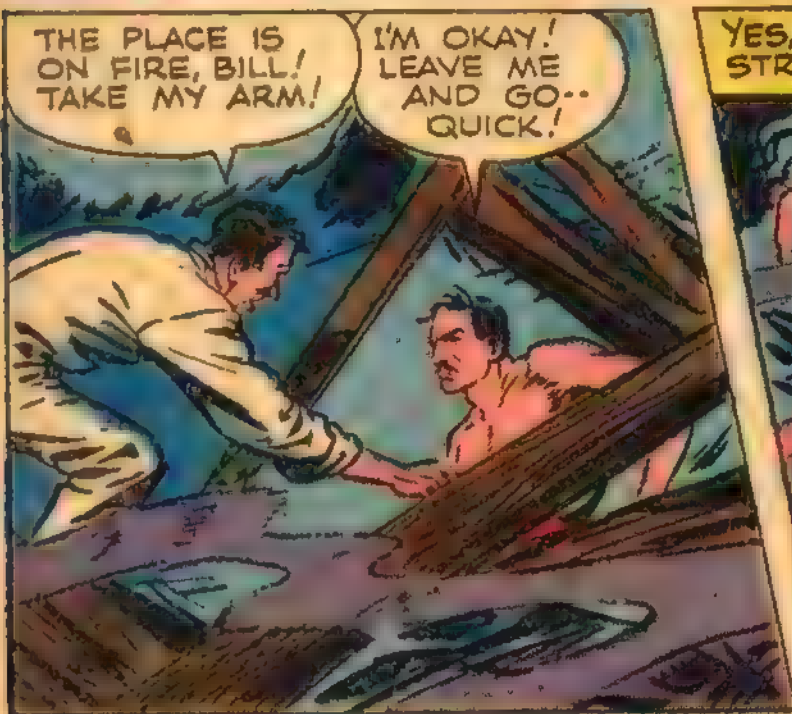
LOOK OUT!

THE FLOOR'S COLLAPSING!



THE PLACE IS ON FIRE, BILL! TAKE MY ARM!

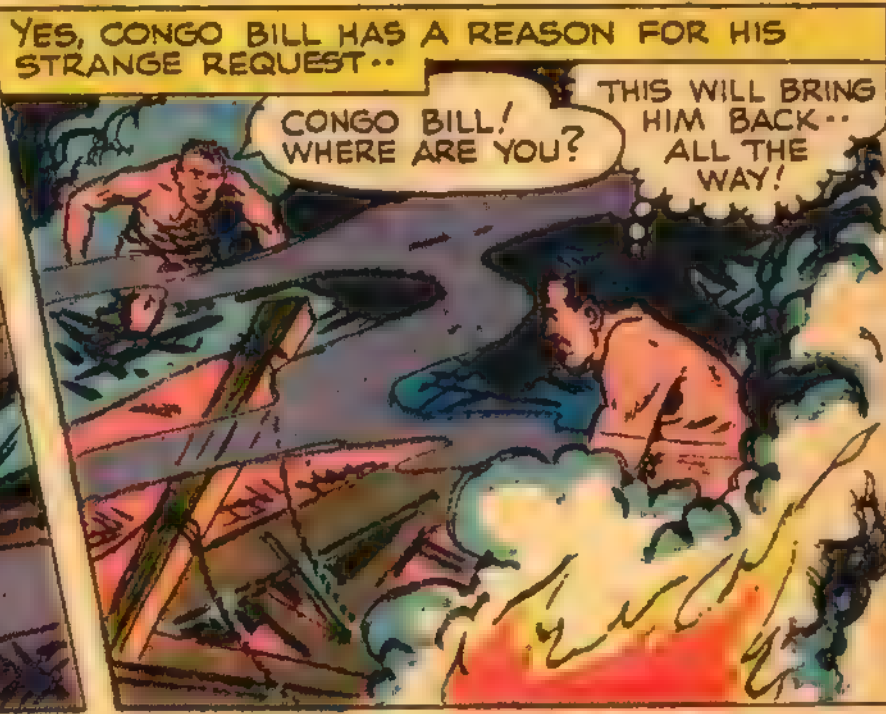
I'M OKAY! LEAVE ME AND GO-- QUICK!



YES, CONGO BILL HAS A REASON FOR HIS STRANGE REQUEST..

CONGO BILL! WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS WILL BRING HIM BACK-- ALL THE WAY!



YEH, SAILOR!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE CHAMP!



LATER...

I THOUGHT I WAS BEATEN, CONGO BILL, BUT YOU SHOWED ME I CAN STILL FIGHT! I'M GOING HOME!

A REAL CHAMP IS NEVER BEATEN, SAILOR! YOU HAD A BAD SHOCK-BUT YOU'RE OKAY NOW!



CONGO BILL

MEANS

ACTION

EVERY MONTH IN

ACTION COMICS

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

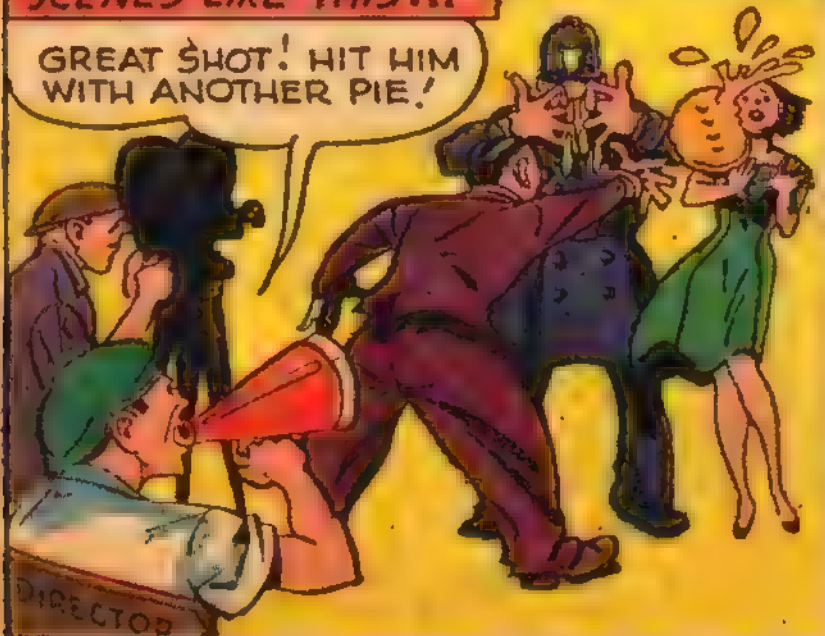
NICK THE BAKER MIXED THE TASTIEST CAKES AND PIES IN TOWN... BUT NOBODY EVER ATE THEM! BUT WHEN HE OPENED HIS OWN BAKERY, BUSINESS BOOMED — AND SO DID HIS PASTRIES — UNTIL ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, TOOK A HAND IN THE ICING OF A PIE-BAKING GANG OF THUGS WHO TRIED TO GET DOUGH OUT OF A PARTNERSHIP OF —

"The Baker and the Jailbird!"



BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, THE MOVIES HAD SCENES LIKE THIS...

GREAT SHOT! HIT HIM WITH ANOTHER PIE!



AND ON THE SIDE LINES...

I, NICK TRAY, MAKE THE MOST DELICIOUS PIES IN THE WORLD! BUT NOBODY EATS THEM! COMEDIANS JUST THROW THEM AT OTHER COMEDIANS!



PHOOEY ON THIS JOB... I QUIT!
FROM NOW ON, I MAKE PIES
AND CAKE THAT PEOPLE
EAT!



TIME MARCHES ON... AND SOON NICK OWNS HIS
OWN BAKERY...

AH, ZATARA, YOU ARE A
GREAT MAGICIAN... BUT YOUR
MAGIC CANNOT MAKE SUCH
CAKES AS I CAN! THE BEST
AND BIGGEST IN THE
WORLD!

I HOPE THEY'RE
AS GOOD AS
YOU SAY!

NICK'S PIES AND CAKES

NICK'S



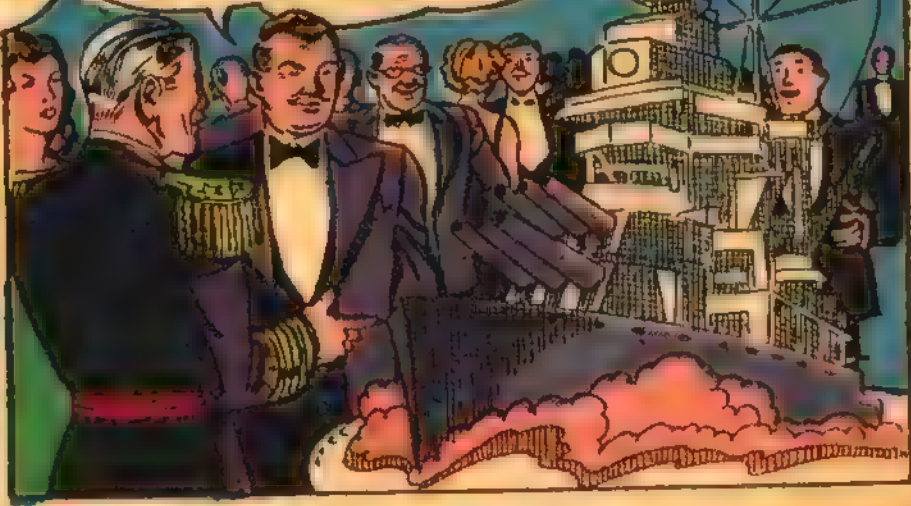
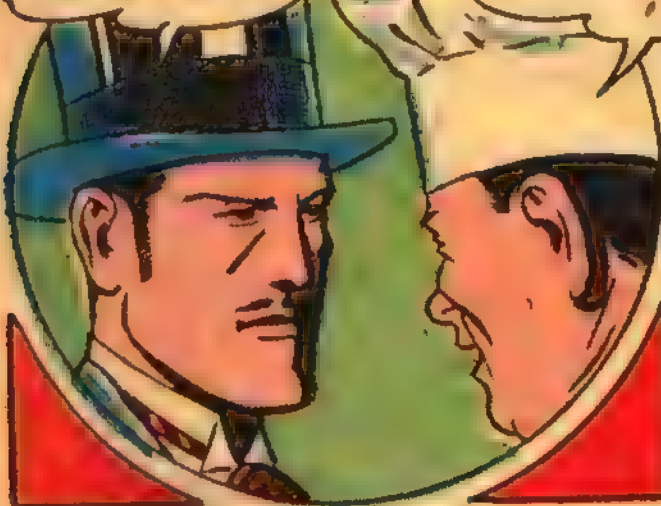
THIS EVENING, I
GIVE A SHOW AT A
DINNER WHERE THEY'RE
HAVING ONE OF YOUR
CAKES... I'LL SEE
HOW IT IS!

IT
WILL BE
PERFECT!
I PROMISE!

MEANWHILE, AT A DINNER HONORING A RETIRING
ADMIRAL...

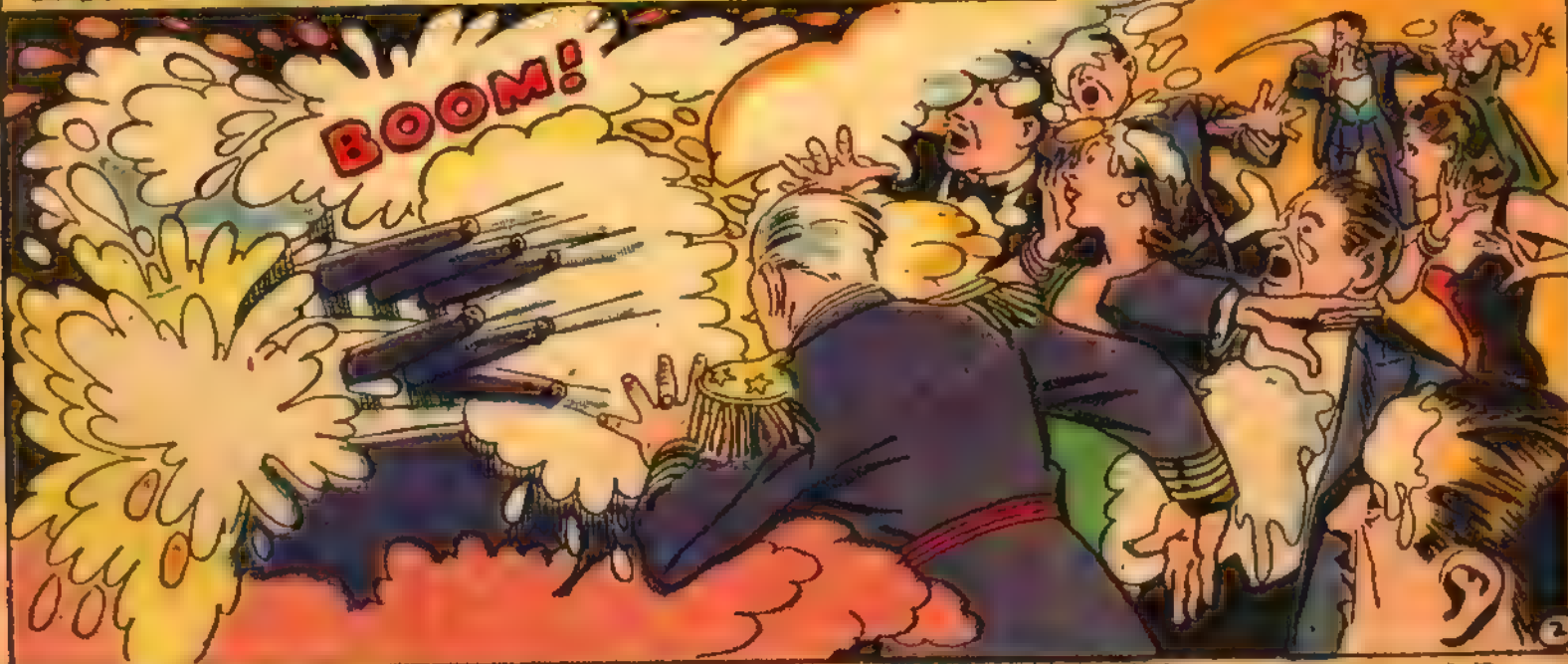
NICK TRAY
BAKED IT, ADMIRAL...
IT'S AN EXACT MODEL
OF YOUR FLAGSHIP.

IT'S
WONDERFUL!



SUDDENLY... THE PASTRY GUNS FIRE A BROADSIDE!

BOOM!



AS FRANTIC GUESTS CLAW AT THE CAKE ON THEIR FACES...

THE BOSS SURE HAD A SWELL IDEA PUTTIN' LITTLE BOMBS IN THAT CAKE!

YEAH, THESE GUYS GIVE US A LAUGH—AND THEIR DOUGH—AT THE SAME TIME!

HELP!



A QUICK LIFTING OF THE LOOT—THEN...

COME ON, BOYS... WE GOT MORE JOBS TO DO!

OKAY, CLINKER! HOPE THEY'RE AS MUCH FUN AS THIS ONE!



AND JUST THINK... THAT SAP, NICK TRAY, WILL GET THE BLAME BECAUSE HE MAKES THE CAKES!

SURE, THAT'S WHY WE GOTTA ACT FAST! ONCE NICK'S IN JAIL, OUR RACKET IS RUINED!



YES, IT'S A SAD DAY FOR THE BAKER OF PRIZE CAKES! LATER...

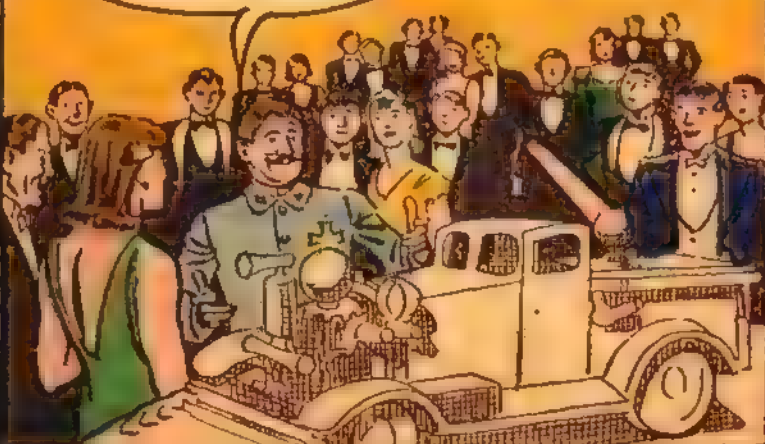
BUT, OFFICER, I'M INNOCENT!

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE, CHUM!



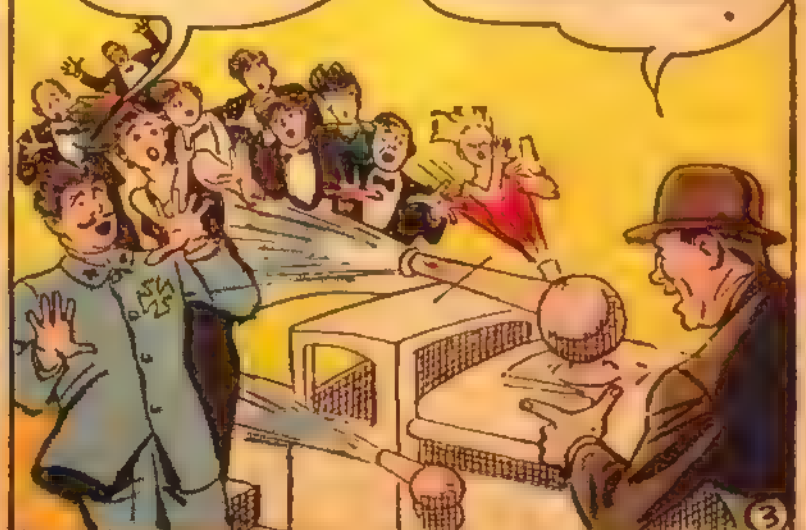
MEANWHILE, AT A RECEPTION HONORING THE FIRE CHIEF...

AH, THIS CAKE RECALLS MEMORIES OF MY HOOK AND LADDER DAYS! I REMEMBER A FIVE-ALARM BLAZE AT WHICH—



—WE USED HIGH-PRESSURE HOSE...
EEEEH!

HA, HA... BET THIS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES!



AS THE GUESTS ARE TERRIFIED BY THE HOT STEAM, IT'S EASY PICKINGS FOR THE CROOKS! THEN, THE THUGS HEAD FOR THE BANQUET WHERE ZATARA IS PUTTING ON A MAGIC SHOW...

SETALP, ELGGUJ EM!*

*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

AND AS ZATARA UTTERS THE MAGIC WORDS...

FANTASTIC! OF COURSE IT'S AN ILLUSION— BUT IT LOOKS SO REAL!

-Oop!

ALLEZ-

ZATARA'S ACT ENDS... THEN, IN HONOR OF A KING OF FINANCE, P. J. LOGAN...

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE, ♪
A POCKETFUL OF RYE,
FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS
BAKED IN A PIE... ♪

THE KING'S IN HIS COUNTINGHOUSE
COUNTING OUT HIS MONEY...

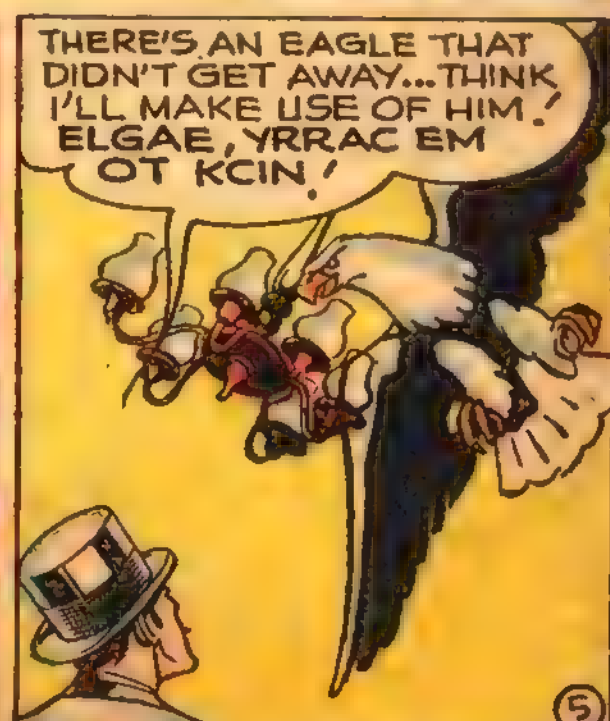
WAIT TILL YOU SEE
WHAT COMES NEXT,
P. J.!

WHEN THE PIE WAS
OPENED...

HELP!

CONDORS,
VULTURES... SOME-
BODY RAIDED THE
ZOO! LET ME OUT
OF HERE!

HOLD IT, GENTS... NOBODY'S
LEAVIN' YET!



PRESENTLY...

HONESTLY, ZATARA, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT. I HIRED SOME NEW BAKERS THE OTHER DAY... MAYBE THEY KNOW THE ANSWER.

MAYBE! WHAT OTHER BIG CAKES DID YOU BAKE TODAY?

JUST ONE... FOR THE MUSICIANS CLUB...

HOPE THERE'S NO SOUR NOTE IN THAT ONE! SEE YOU LATER, NICK!

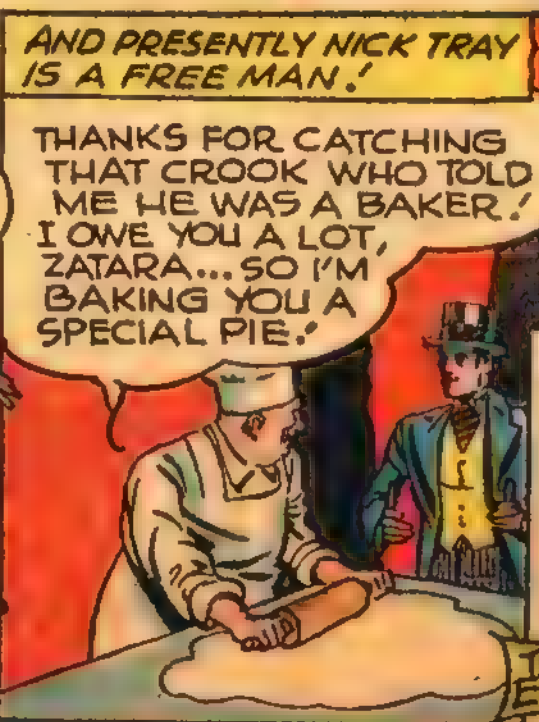
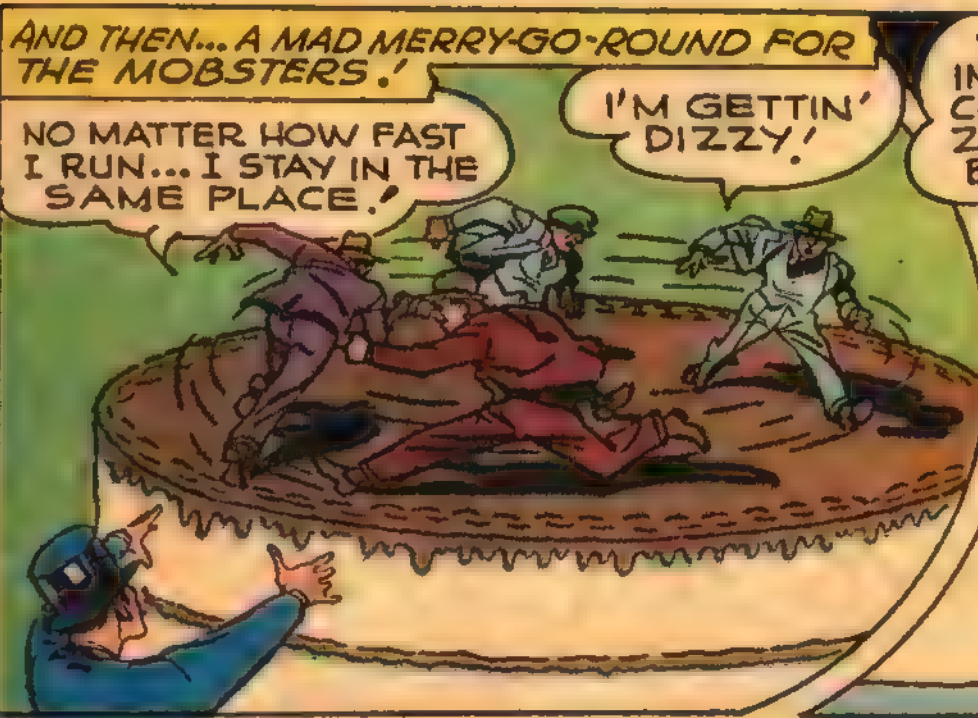
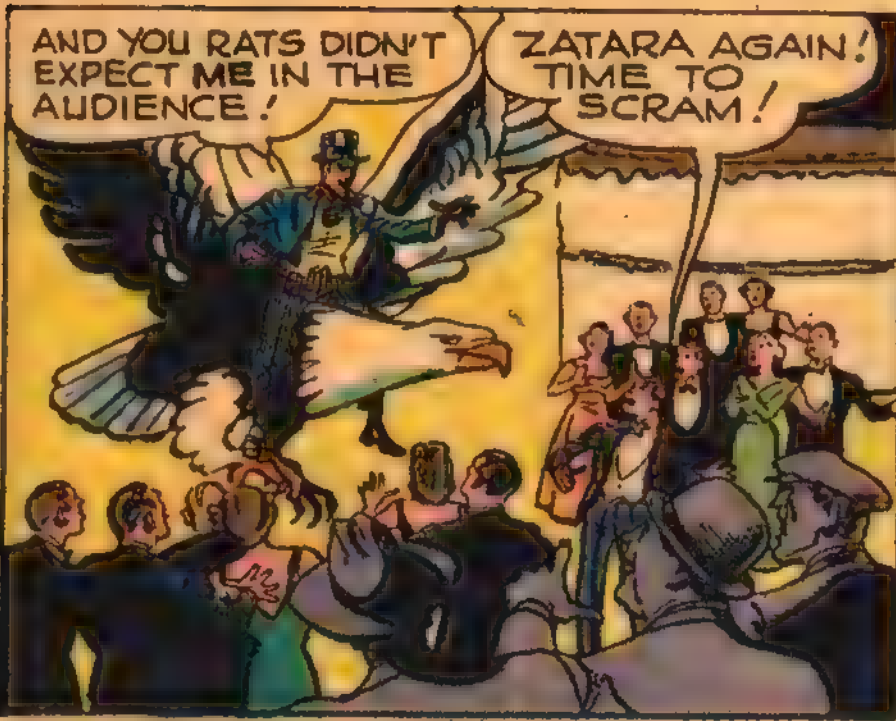
WONDER WHAT SURPRISE YOUR CROOK PALS HAVE FOR US THIS TIME, BIG BIRD?

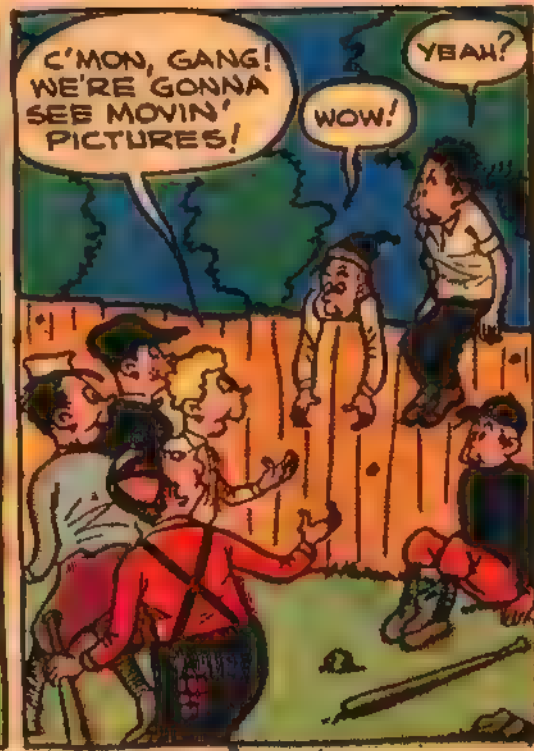
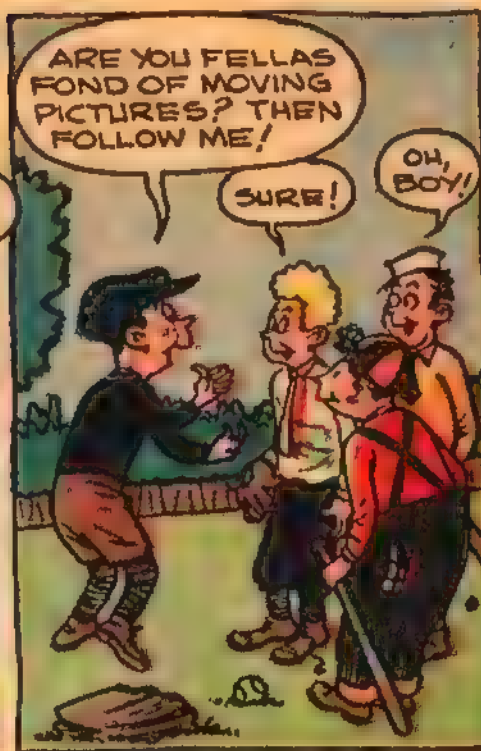
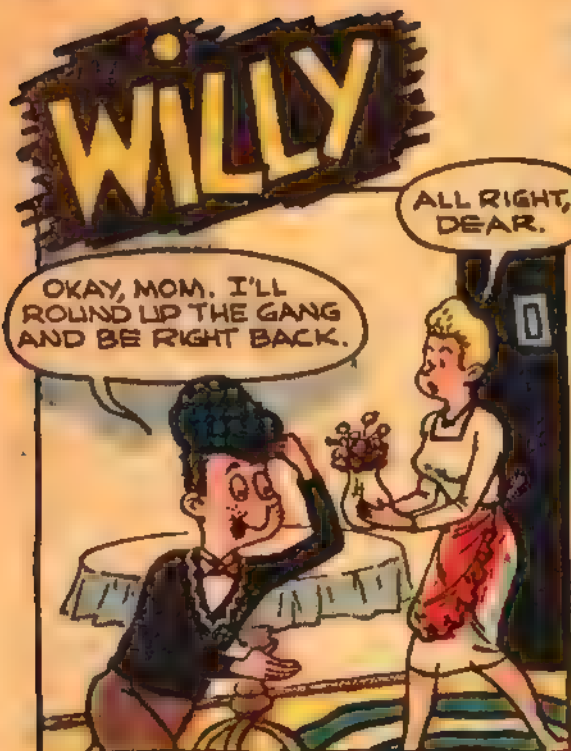
IT'S MORE OF A SHOCK THAN A SURPRISE, ZATARA! AS GUESTS LISTEN TO SWEET MUSIC...

HA, HA... GUESS YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THAT KIND OF MUSIC!

HELP!

RAT TAT TAT





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

BPM JMAB XQBKPMZ KIV
TWAM CVTMAA BPM ZM-
AB WN BPM BMIU QA
JMPQVL PQU.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

MAY

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE

STREET ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE

CRIME QUESTION

by Tex Blane

THE pet hate of old Mac Tavish, the city editor, was the newfangled stuff that Captain March, the publisher, and managing editor Jimmy Crewes were always putting into the *Clarion*.

Over his nightly container of black coffee, Mac Tavish grumbled to some of the boys who were still sitting around the copy desk. "Now he's got that fresh guy from radio, that Bobby Sax, in here. I tell you, fellows, I don't know what the newspaper business is coming to. Why, in my day . . ."

"You used to chase fire horses. Ever catch up with one, Mac?"

The grinning young fellow who made the remark had just come up behind Mac Tavish.

Bobby Sax was young and full of pep. As everybody knew, he had been in the newspaper business only two years—a mere beginner to a guy like Mac Tavish—before turning to radio. Now he was back on a newspaper, bringing with him something new in interview columns. They called him the Question Man. He interviewed people in public places, and broadcast the interviews.

Mac Tavish turned around. He scowled at the interruption. Then, suddenly, he grinned. With a wink at his confederates, he spoke to Bobby. "Mr. Sax," he said, rolling his r's, "I assume you know that our esteemed publisher is in Europe looking over the food situation. And that our managing editor is hidden away somewhere in the Black Hills enjoying a vacation. And that I am in charge?"

"Yes, sure," said Bobby. "Why?"

Mac Tavish puffed smoke. He had waited six months for this moment. "Because I'm assigning you to cover police headquarters!"

"But, you can't do that! I've got a contract . . . I'll walk out! I'll . . ."

Bobby stopped suddenly, seeing the knowing looks the older men were passing between them. So that was it—a frame-up! They were trying to freeze him out of the paper. "What about Sam Marks?" he asked, referring to his assistant, who carried the radio equip-

ment.

"He goes back where he belongs—with a sound board," said Mac Tavish. He puffed smoke again. "Of course, if you want to quit . . ."

"I'm staying," Bobby said, "at least until the boss gets back." He walked out.

When he'd gone, one of the men said: "You sure you can get away with it, Mac?"

"Yep. He'll quit."

But Mac Tavish was wrong. Sometimes, being in the newspaper business too long makes one unwilling to accept progress. The old routine is in the blood and it stays there. Like the who-what-when-where-why school. Such a device couldn't be used by news commentators. Few radio listeners want to exert themselves to hold thoughts that long. Simplicity was one of Bobby's trademarks, and he'd certainly boosted the *Clarion's* circulation with his interviews.

Next day, he brooded over these things. Sam was back on the radio sound board, and here he was, covering police headquarters. Absently, he toyed with the imitation flower in his lapel. It was the one that concealed his hidden microphone.

But he wouldn't need it now. Not until the managing editor returned.

Bobby looked at his watch. Almost time for lunch. He called Mac Tavish on the desk, said he'd check back in a hour.

Depressed, and not hungry, Bobby remembered a loose stone in his ring and decided to stop at a jeweler and get it tightened.

He was about to enter the jewelry store when three men ran out. They had guns in their hands. A big black limousine, motor running, was waiting at the curb. Bobby stared at them. A small, dark man in the trio glanced quickly at him, then clambered into the car.

A moment later, Bobby knew why there had not been an alarm. Cotton, the jeweler, had been shot dead.

Back in headquarters, after filing his story, Bobby had a hunch. His pulse jumped with

excitement when, looking through the Rogue's Gallery photos, he saw a photo of the small, dark man he'd seen leaving the jewelery store—Rocco Rimini.

Detective Lieutenant Arthur was elated. "You sure, Bobby?" Yes, he was sure. There was only one hitch, though—Rimini wasn't supposed to be in town. Now the police would have a job smoking him out.

"He used to hang out on the East Side, around Mulberry Street," Arthur said, "but I don't think they'd hole up around there now. However, we'll check." He looked at Bobby. "I don't think you ought to go along, Bobby. These men are killers, as you know."

Bobby said nothing. He had his own plans, and they included a trip to Mulberry Street. What he planned to do was risky, but worth it. Within an hour, after making inquiries in pool rooms and coffee houses, he was sure Rocco Rimini, if around, would hear about it. There was only one more thing to do—call Sam and give him the lowdown.

The call made, Bobby loitered in the neighborhood. He visited all the pushcart vendors. That's what he was doing when he felt the hard, cold steel pressing against his spine.

Rocco Rimini was behind the gun. "Just keep walking, buddy, 'till you come to a big black Caddy."

It was two blocks away. Bobby, his heart racing, thanked his lucky stars for Sam's sudden appearance when he saw his assistant on the other side of the street.

He got into the car. There was a burly man whom Rocco called Lefty, at the wheel. The car moved. Rocco said: "What are you asking about me for, punk?" His beady eyes flickered. "I got it. You're the guy who saw us pull the holdup." The gun moved.

"I want to make a deal," Bobby said, coolly. "And it won't pay you to kill me. I gave my landlady a letter to be delivered to the police in case I don't come back."

"Oh, a shakedown," Rocco sneered. "You young guys are getting pretty sharp." He slapped Bobby's face, hard.

They pulled up before an old wooden house in Astoria. Rocco pushed Bobby out, and they went in to a large but poorly furnished room.

"Here's a chump, Mike," Rocco said to a

man who was obviously the leader. "He's the guy was asking for me." He scratched his head. "But he says he's got a letter planted with his landlady."

"Get the address," Mike said, "then bump him off." He swung at Bobby, knocking him into a corner. Bobby, dazed, got up. He fingered the flower in his lapel. "Nice sock," he said, "but you won't get away with it, Mike. The cops know you three killed Cotton and they'll come here eventually."

"Shall I fog him now, Mike?" said Rocco.

"No," Mike snarled. "Wait until we get that letter. Then we'll take care of pretty boy. Where do you live, sunshine? Or do you want to get smacked again?"

"No," said Bobby. "I'll talk."

"Send Lefty," said Mike. "We'll keep wiseguy here until he gets back." He struck Bobby again. The latter hit the floor, stayed there. His head was groggy.

Rocco sneered. "What made you think you could get anything from us, chum? In another day we'll be heading out of town with this stuff." He kicked at Bobby.

Bobby closed his eyes. He hoped Sam had been able to follow him here. If he hadn't. . . . ! Bobby shuddered.

But Sam was right on the ball. It wasn't ten minutes before the police smashed in the door. They caught Rocco and Mike before they could pull their guns. Detective Lieutenant Arthur was along. As they handcuffed the thugs, Bobby went to the corner, switched on the radio.

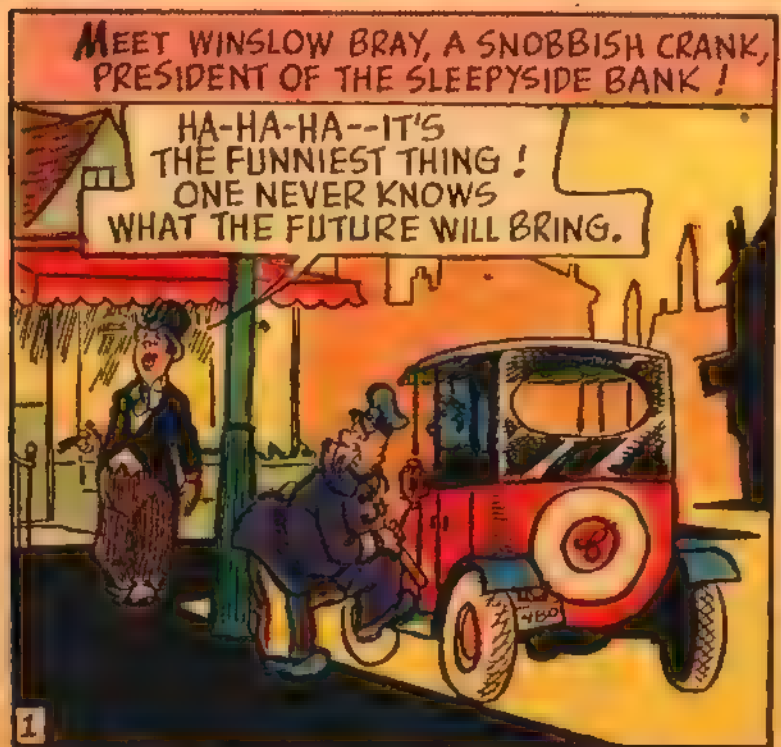
Rocco and Mike almost collapsed. For there, coming through the loudspeaker, was every word that had been said in the room since Bobby entered it! And Bobby was saying, "So folks, not one of these killers knew that your Question Man had his concealed mike, working on short wave. While outside, Sam Marks was picking it up and bringing you a blow-by-blow description." He rubbed his jaw. "And I *do* mean, blow-by-blow, folks." He grinned. "And when we get these criminals safely behind bars, I'll be back again on the street, interviewing all you lovely people, through the courtesy of that great newspaper, the *Clarion*!" And he added, close to the mike: "Won't I, Mr. Mac Tavish?"

HAYFOOT HENRY



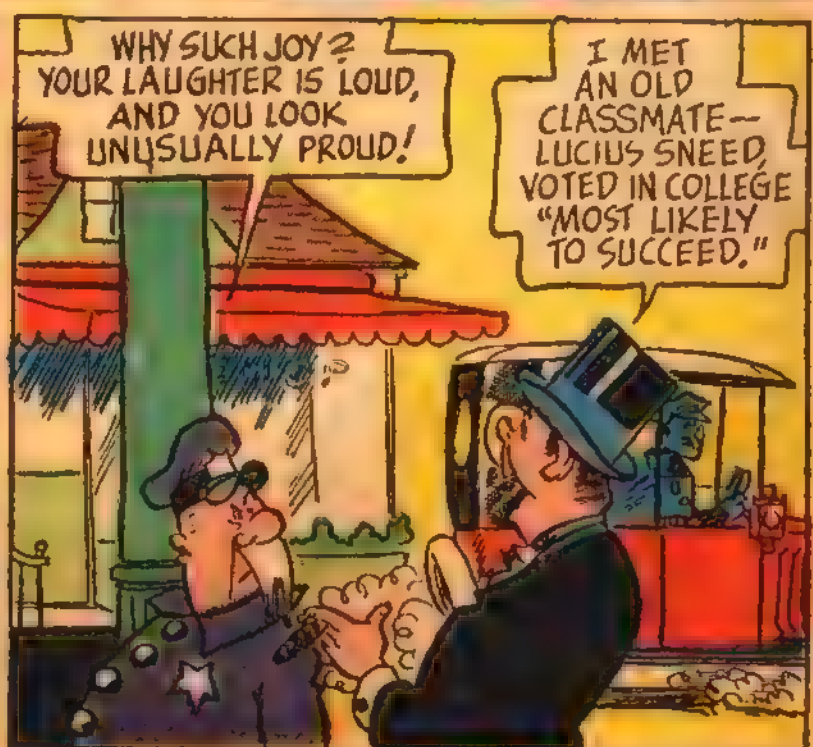
IT TAKES MORE THAN COURAGE
TO FACE FLYING LEAD,
FOR IF HENRY'D BEEN HEROIC,
THEY'D HAVE SHOT OFF HIS HEAD!
YES, THE RHYMING COP
WAS ALMOST BESTED
BY VILLAINS WITH WEAPONS
TOO WELL TESTED.
SO WHAT HE DID
WAS NOT SO DAFFY,
AND IT ENDED UP
WITH ...
"The TRIUMPH
of TAFFY!"

HA HA
HA HA HA
HA



MEET WINSLOW BRAY, A SNOBBISH CRANK,
PRESIDENT OF THE SLEEPYSIDE BANK!

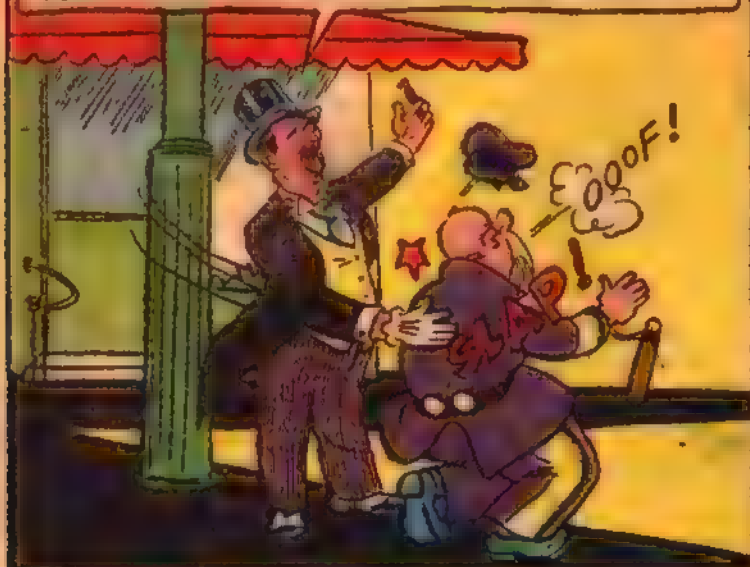
HA-HA-HA--IT'S
THE FUNNIEST THING!
ONE NEVER KNOWS
WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING.



WHY SUCH JOY?
YOUR LAUGHTER IS LOUD,
AND YOU LOOK
UNUSUALLY PROUD!

I MET
AN OLD
CLASSMATE--
LUCIUS SNEED,
VOTED IN COLLEGE
"MOST LIKELY
TO SUCCEED."

AND ME--THEY VOTED THAT I'D BE A FLOP!
THAT'S WHY I'M LAUGHING SO HARD, I CAN'T STOP!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE HOW SNEED MAKES MONEY!
SUCCESSFUL INDEED! IT'S AWFULLY FUNNY!



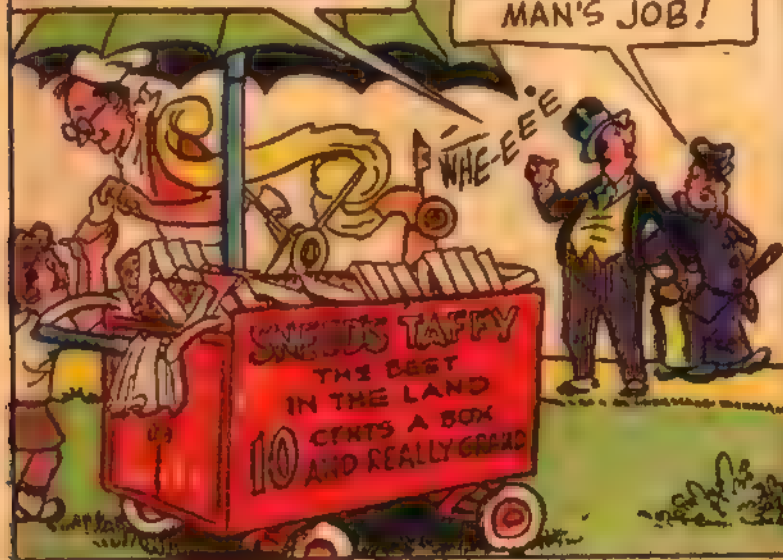
WHATEVER A MAN'S
PROFESSION MAY BE,
IT'S NO CAUSE
FOR LAUGHTER,
IT SEEMS TO ME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!
BUT COME ALONG!
ONCE YOU SEE,
YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR SONG!



IMAGINE WORKING WITH
THAT STICKY MESS!
A TAFFY-PULLER!
HOW'S THAT FOR SUCCESS?

IT'S STILL NOT FUNNY!
YOU'RE JUST A SNOB,
FOR MAKING FUN
OF AN HONEST
MAN'S JOB!



DON'T MIND BRAY! HE'S A SNOB DELUXE!
HE SNUBS COMMON FOLKS AND KOW-TOWS TO DUKES!

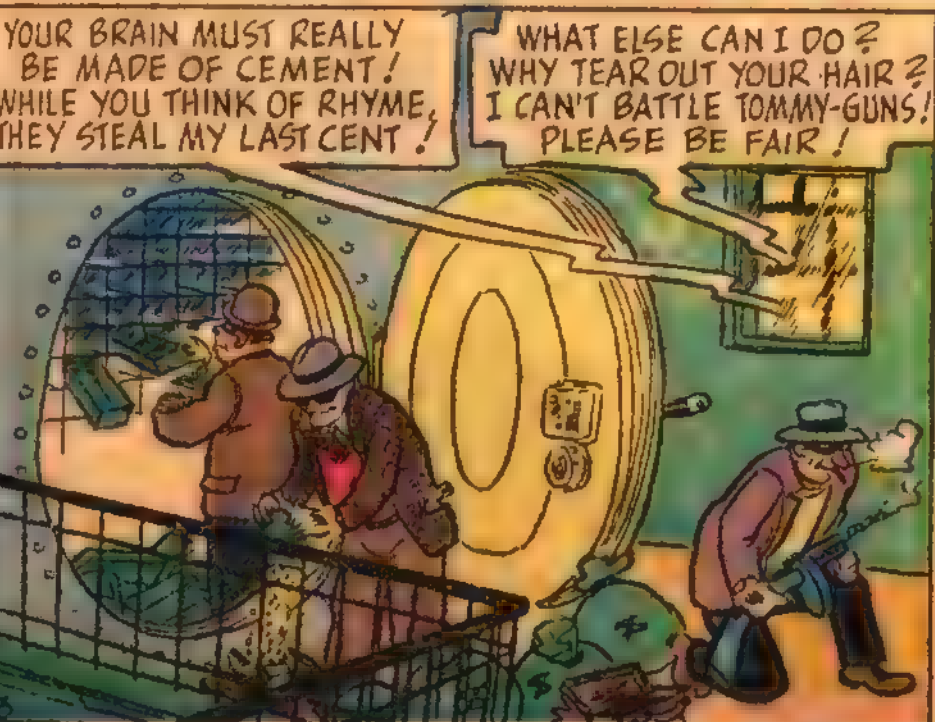
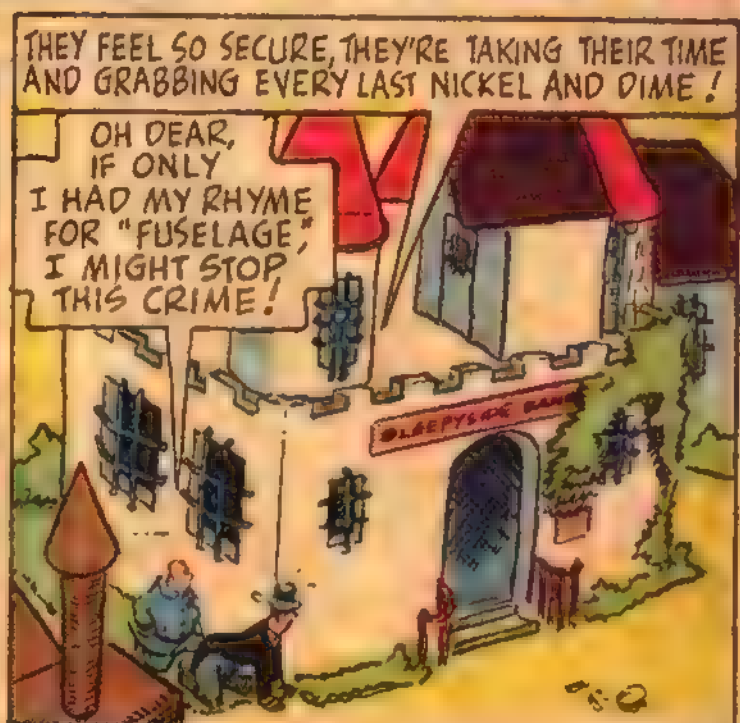
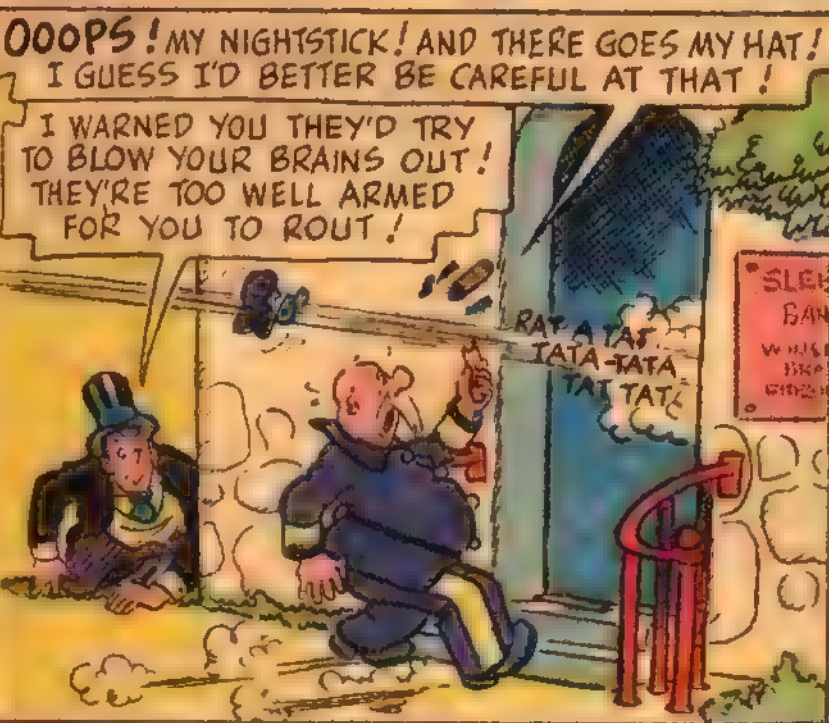
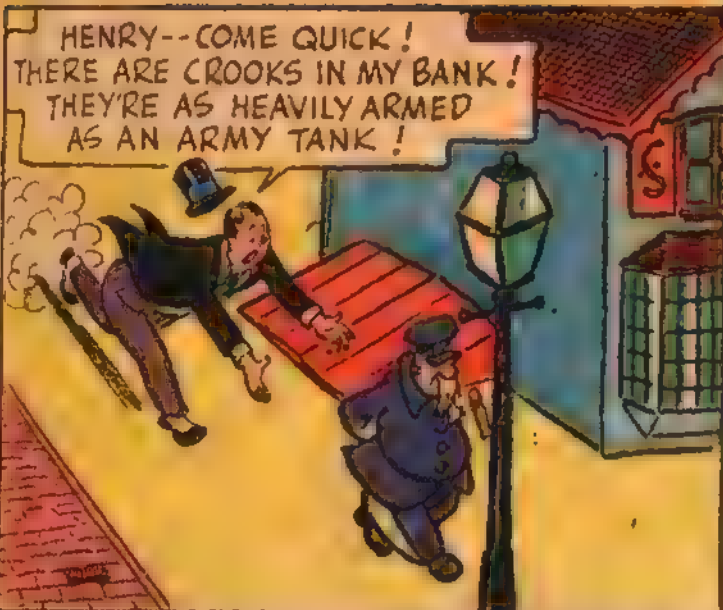


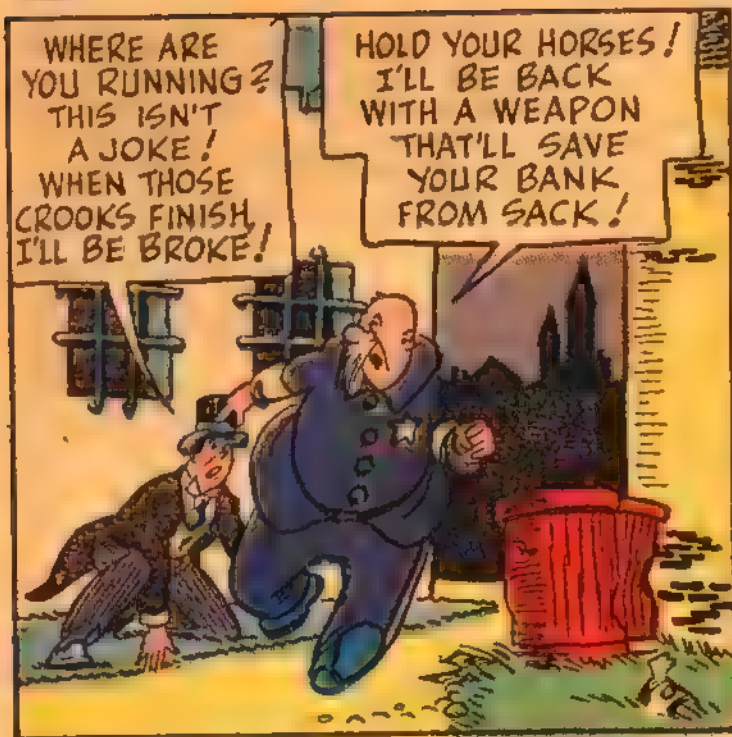
ER--BY THE WAY--
IF YOU'VE GOT THE TIME,
FOR THE WORD "FUSELAGE",
I NEED A RHYME!

I'D LIKE TO HELP,
BUT RHYMES DRIVE ME DAFFY.
INSTEAD, CAN I SELL YOU
A FINE BOX OF TAFFY?

ER--
NO THANKS--
ON MY MIND
I'VE ENOUGH!
I CAN'T THINK
WHILE CHEWING
ON THAT
STICKY STUFF!

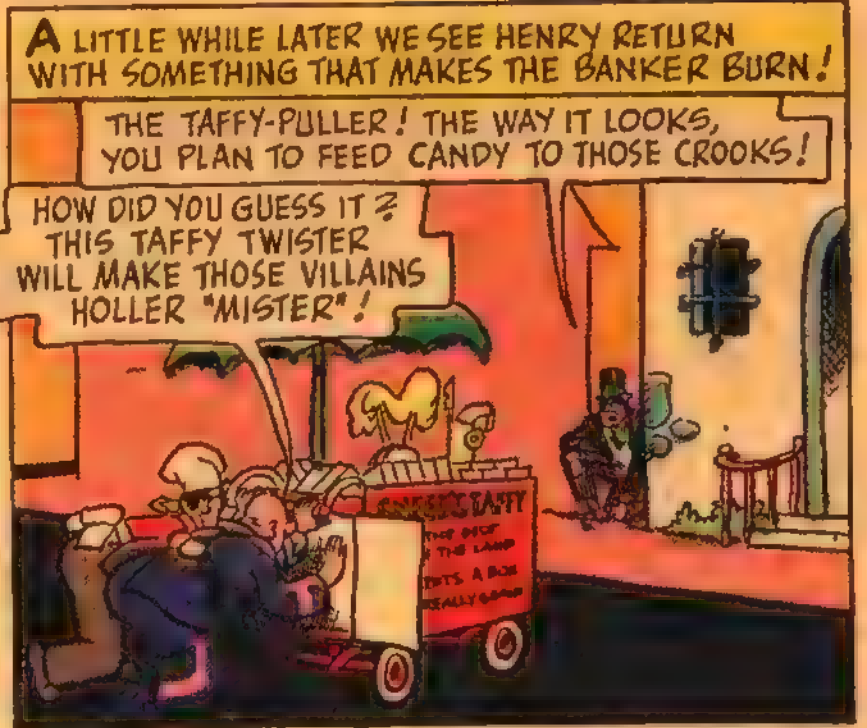






WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING?
THIS ISN'T A JOKE!
WHEN THOSE CROOKS FINISH,
I'LL BE BROKE!

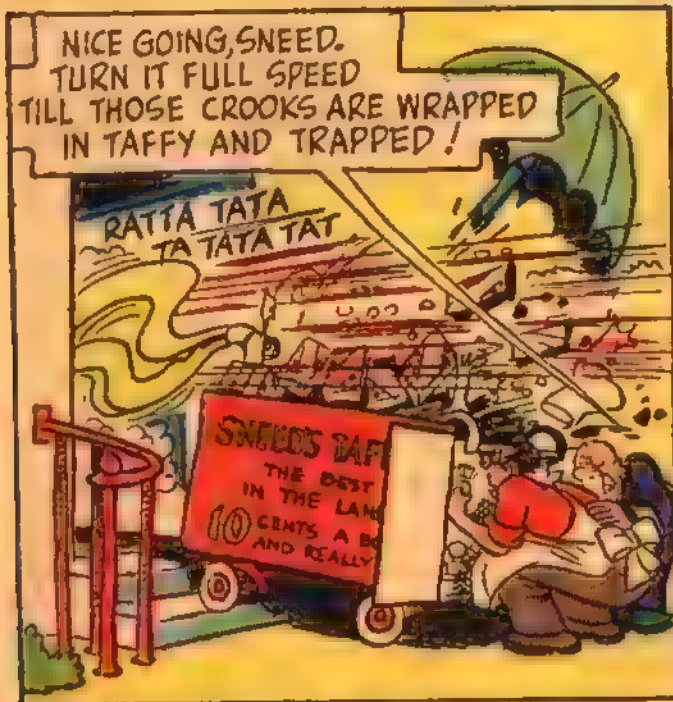
HOLD YOUR HORSES!
I'LL BE BACK
WITH A WEAPON
THAT'LL SAVE
YOUR BANK
FROM SACK!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER WE SEE HENRY RETURN
WITH SOMETHING THAT MAKES THE BANKER BURN!

THE TAFFY-PULLER! THE WAY IT LOOKS,
YOU PLAN TO FEED CANDY TO THOSE CROOKS!

HOW DID YOU GUESS IT?
THIS TAFFY TWISTER
WILL MAKE THOSE VILLAINS
HOLLER "MISTER"!



NICE GOING, SNEED.
TURN IT FULL SPEED
TILL THOSE CROOKS ARE WRAPPED
IN TAFFY AND TRAPPED!

RATTA TATA
TA TATA TAT

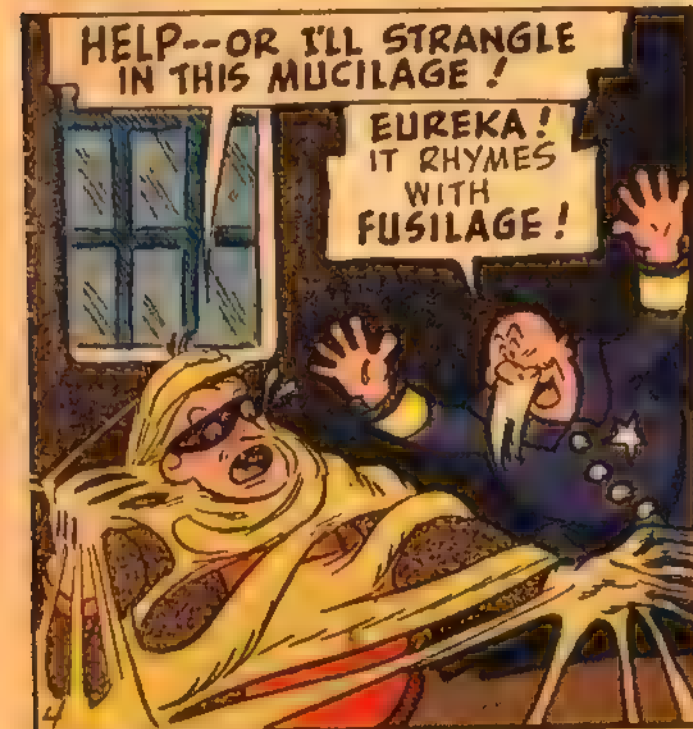
SNEED'S TAFFY
THE BEST
IN THE LAND
10 CENTS A BOX
AND REALLY



THE TAFFY BARRAGE SOON QUELLS THE SHOTS
AND WRAPS THE CROOKS ALL UP IN KNOTS!

COME ON IN! THE DANGER IS PAST!
THE BANK IS SAVED! THEY'RE ALL STUCK FAST!

IT'S PRETTY HARD TO GET
THROUGH MY HEAD
THAT TAFFY COULD OVERCOME
BULLETS OF LEAD!



HELP--OR I'LL STRANGLE
IN THIS MUCILAGE!

EUREKA!
IT RHYMES
WITH
FUSILAGE!



OFF TO JAIL GO THE CROOKS, AND EVERYTHING'S OKE,
THANKS TO SNEED'S BRILLIANT STROKE!

ACCEPT MY APOLOGY! I UTTERED PAP!
YOU SAVED MY BANK WITH YOUR TAFFY TRAP!

SINCE YOU'VE LEARNED TO RESPECT
AN HONEST MAN'S LIVING,
I'M PERFECTLY WILLING
TO BE FORGIVING!

The End

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT NO HIT SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

**Popsicle Pete
FUN BOOK**

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

COMICS

ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

601 W. 24th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

— In Canada Address

100 Sterling Road, Toronto

VIGILANTE



DESERTED AND FORGOTTEN, SILENT WRAITHS OF A BOISTEROUS, COLORFUL PAST ARE THE WEATHERBEATEN GHOST TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST. BUT SHOUT THE MAGIC WORD, "GOLD," AND ANY OF THEM WILL LEAP BACK TO LIFE, MORE TURBULENT THAN EVER—AS THAT PUNCHING PLAINSMAN, THE VIGILANTE, AND STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, QUICKLY DISCOVER WHEN THEY VISIT...

"THE TOWN THAT ROARED AGAIN!"

ROALUS

A ROARING MINING TOWN WAS COYOTE GULCH IN ITS HEYDAY...

WHAT A RIP-SNORTER OF A TOWN IT'S TURNED OUT TO BE, JOE!

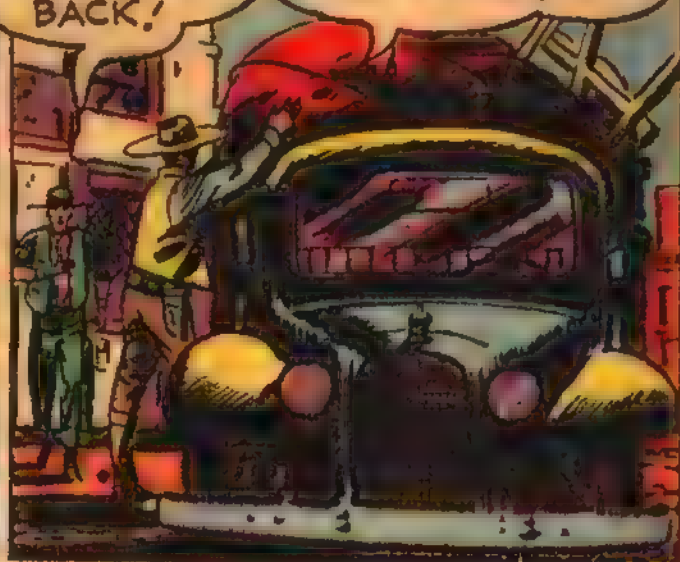
ONLY STARTED, CLEM! COYOTE GULCH IS A TOWN WITH A FUTURE!



BUT A FEW YEARS LATER THE GOLD VEIN PETERS OUT...

DON'T GO, SAM! THE GULCH WILL COME BACK!

SHE'S FINISHED, JOE! BETTER PULL UP YORE STAKES, TOO!



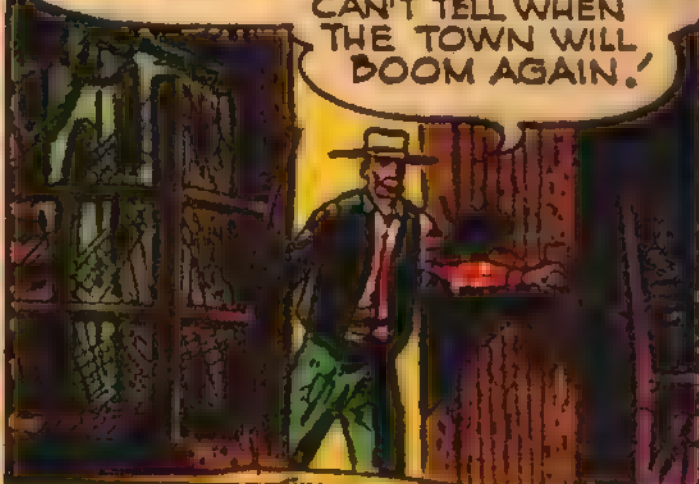
AND FINALLY... THERE'S NARY A TRACE OF GOLD LEFT, JOE! IT'S HOPELESS!

I'LL STICK BY THE TOWN, CLEM!



THE YEARS PASS, AND COYOTE GULCH BECOMES A GHOST TOWN... BUT JOE'S FAITH ENDURES!

I'M SLIPPIN' BEHIND... GOTTA CLEAN UP IN HERE; CAN'T TELL WHEN THE TOWN WILL BOOM AGAIN!



NOW LET'S VISIT A PART OF THE WEST THAT HAS NOT DIED...

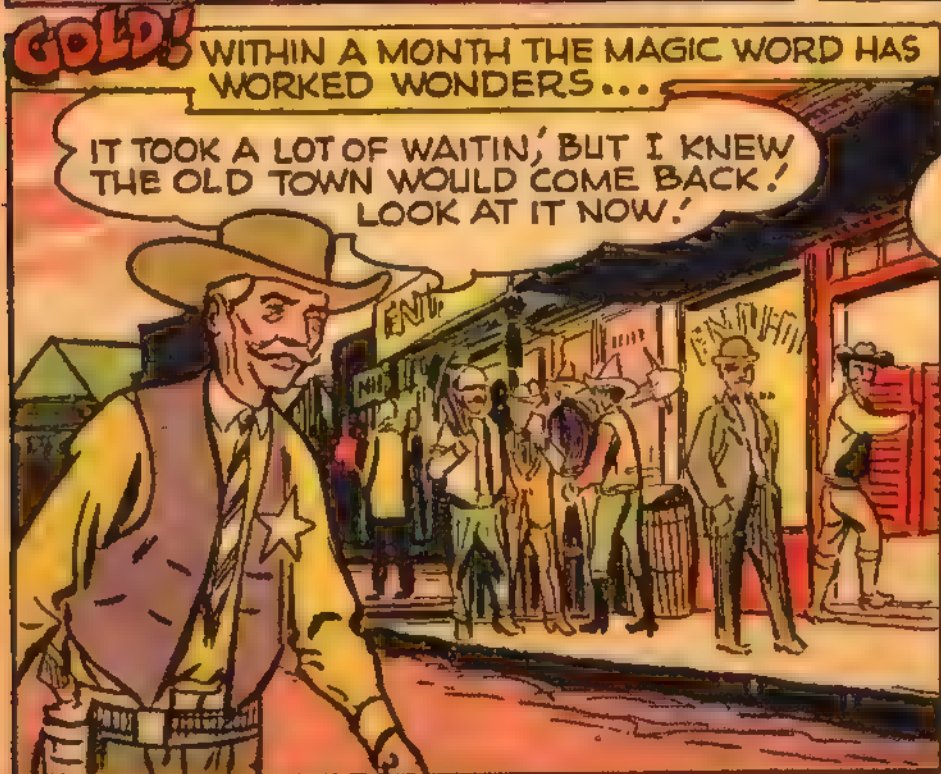
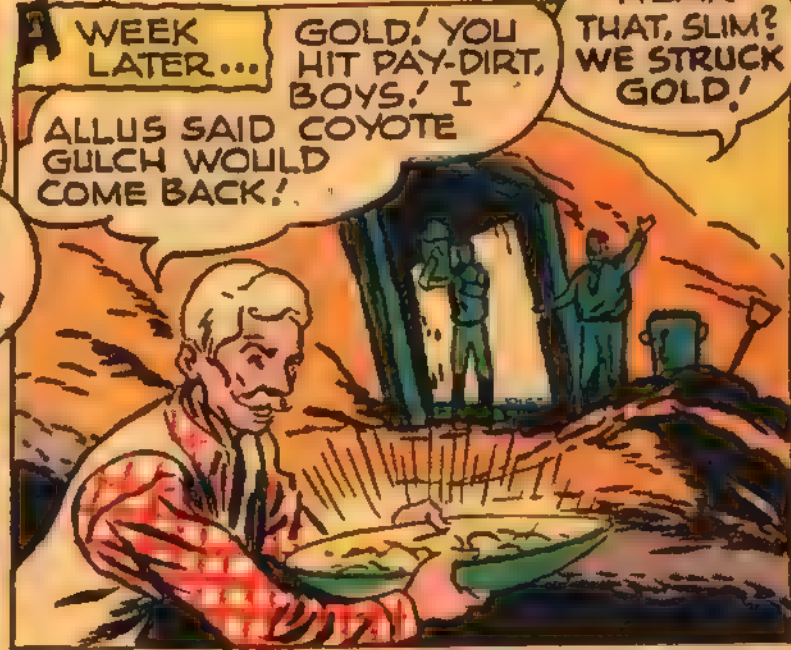
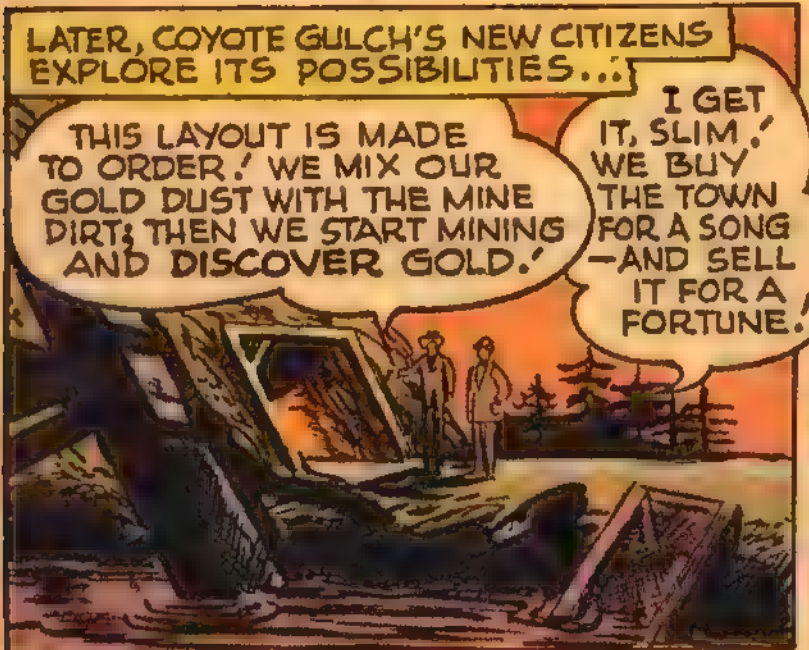
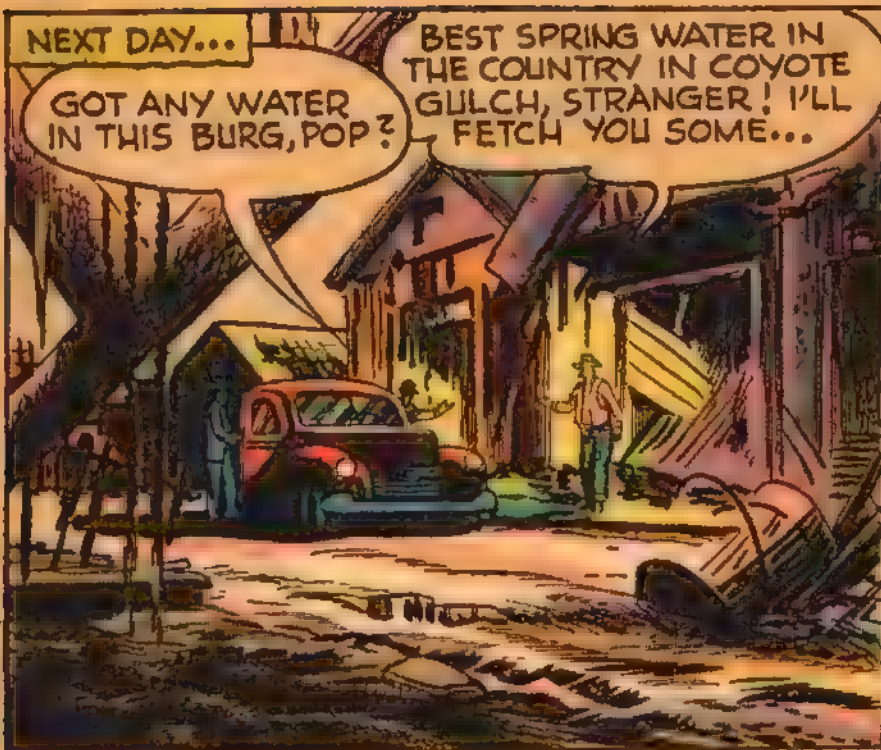
THIS BLASTED STUFF IS HEAVY.

THAT'S GOOD! THEY PAY FOR GOLD BY THE OUNCE, PAL!



WINGED ONE OF 'EM! THAT'LL SCARE THE OTHERS OFF!



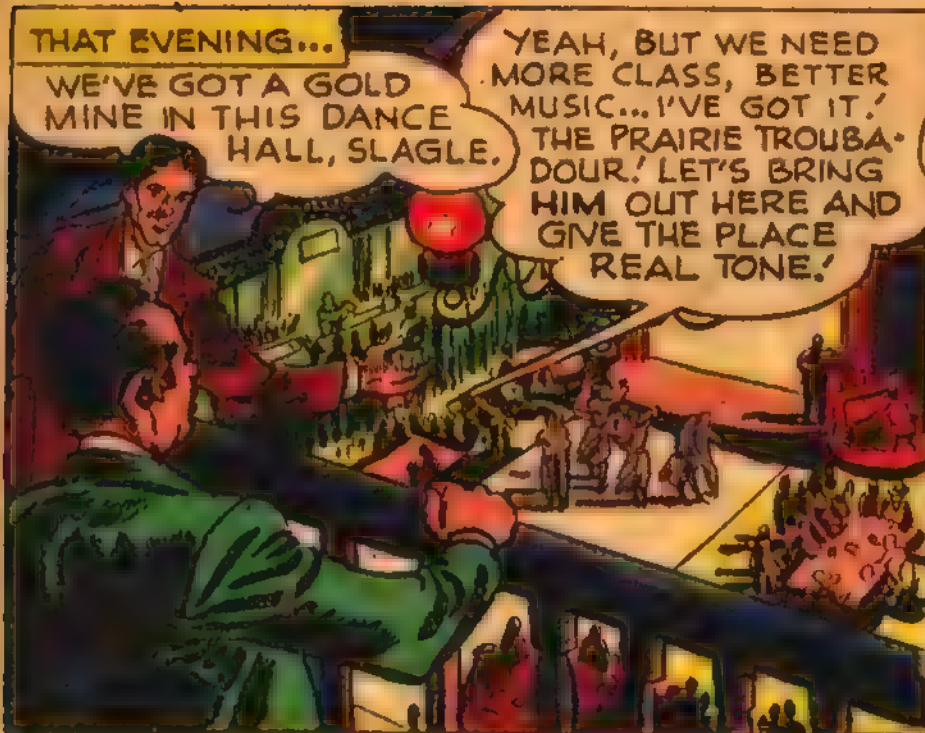




THAT EVENING...

WE'VE GOT A GOLD MINE IN THIS DANCE HALL, SLAGLE.

YEAH, BUT WE NEED MORE CLASS, BETTER MUSIC... I'VE GOT IT! THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR! LET'S BRING HIM OUT HERE AND GIVE THE PLACE A REAL TONE!



SO, A FEW DAYS LATER...

WITH A PICK AN' A SHOVEL AN' A PAN FOR GOLD, I'M HEADIN' FOR MY FORTUNE AS IN DAYS OF OLD.

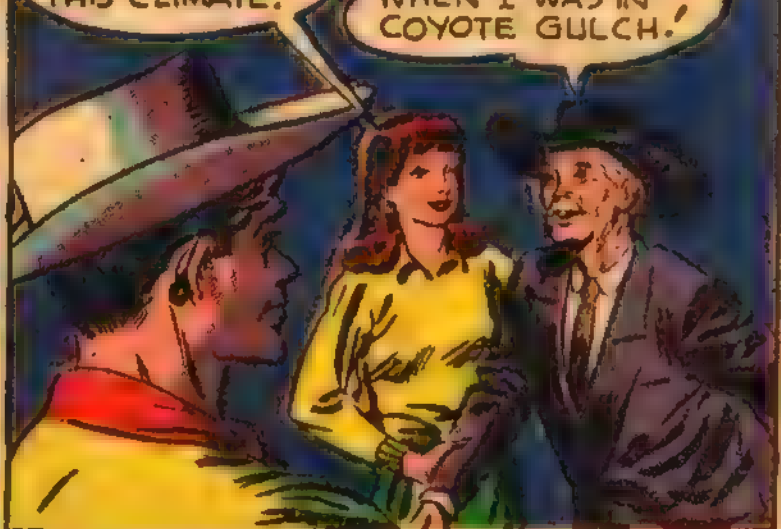
THAT'S US, PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!



I'M CLEM HATCH! THAT SONG TOOK ME RIGHT BACK TO THE OLD DAYS, SON! I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO SEE COYOTE GULCH AGAIN!

BUT, GRAMPS, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HEALTH! THIS CLIMATE!

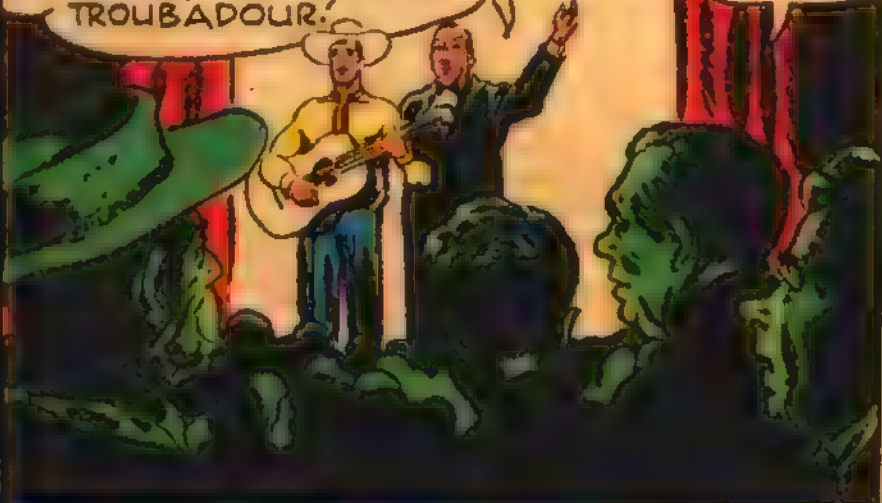
NONSENSE, SALLY! NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE THAN WHEN I WAS IN COYOTE GULCH!



THAT NIGHT, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR MAKES HIS BOW IN COYOTE GULCH...

WE ARE HAPPY TO WELCOME TO COYOTE GULCH THE GREAT WESTERN MINSTREL, GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR.

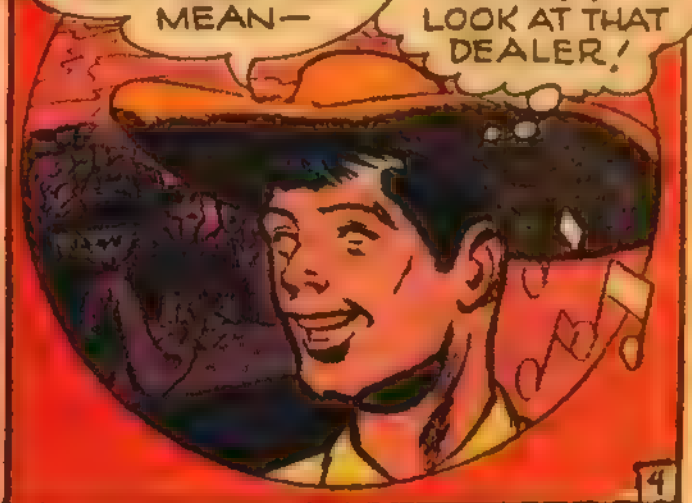
YEH, PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!



BUT AS HE SINGS, GREG'S ALERT EYES ARE BUSY...

OH, THE COYOTES WERE A-HOWLIN' AND THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND MEAN—

THIS PLACE IS A FALSE FRONT—AND CROOKED! LOOK AT THAT DEALER!

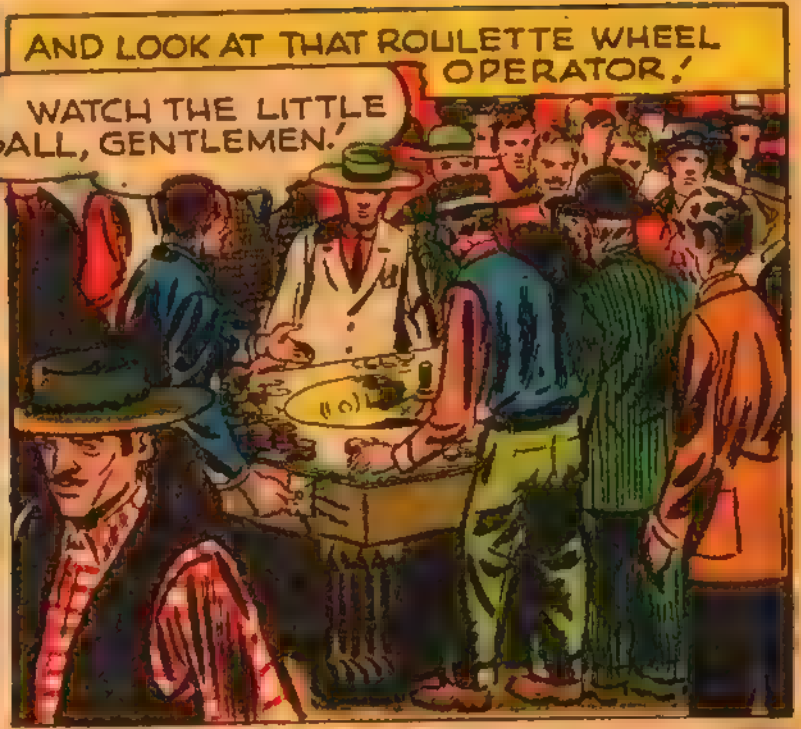


AND THREE FOR THE DEALER
... WHAT SAYS THE
OPENER?



AND LOOK AT THAT ROULETTE WHEEL
OPERATOR!

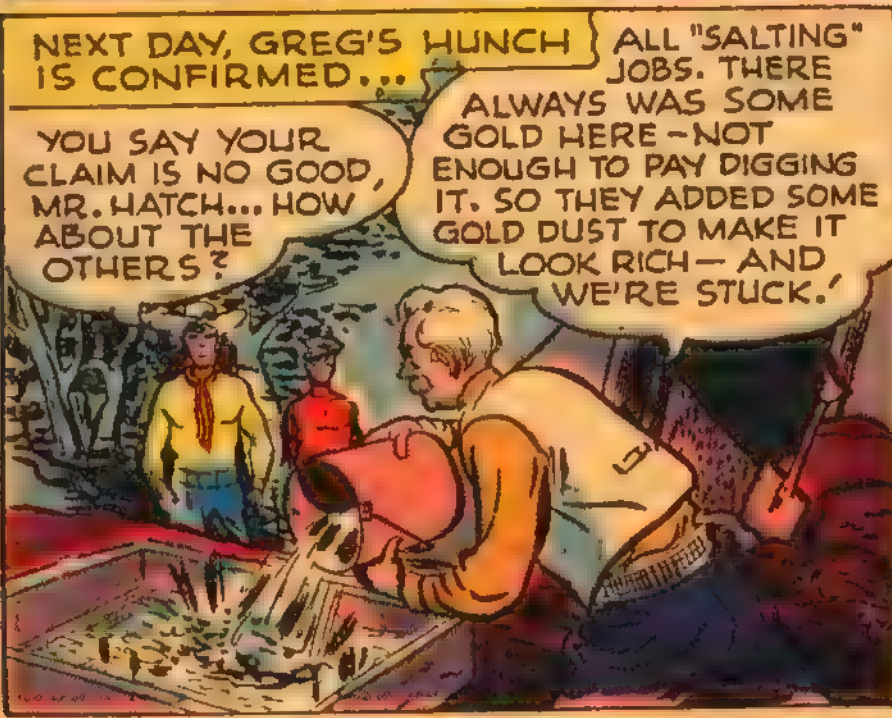
WATCH THE LITTLE
BALL, GENTLEMEN!



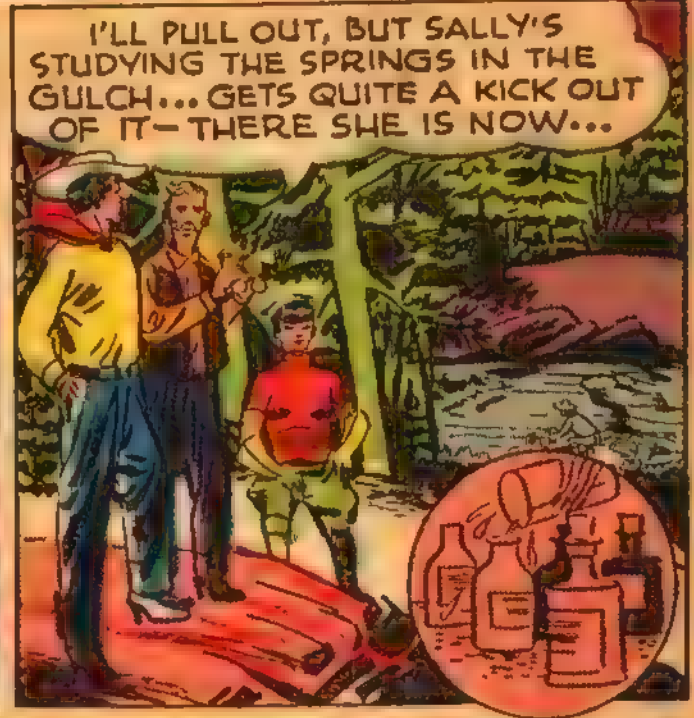
NEXT DAY, GREG'S HUNCH
IS CONFIRMED...

YOU SAY YOUR
CLAIM IS NO GOOD,
MR. HATCH... HOW
ABOUT THE
OTHERS?

ALL "SALTING"
JOBS. THERE
ALWAYS WAS SOME
GOLD HERE - NOT
ENOUGH TO PAY DIGGING
IT. SO THEY ADDED SOME
GOLD DUST TO MAKE IT
LOOK RICH - AND
WE'RE STUCK!



I'LL PULL OUT, BUT SALLY'S
STUDYING THE SPRINGS IN THE
GULCH... GETS QUITE A KICK OUT
OF IT - THERE SHE IS NOW...



THAT NIGHT, AT
THE GOLD NUGGET...

OLD CLEM PLAYING
THAT CROOKED
TABLE. HE OUGHT TO
KNOW BETTER.



BUT SUDDENLY...

GET YOUR
HANDS AWAY

FROM THAT TABLE, YOU
VARMINT! THIS GAME IS GONNA
RUN STRAIGHT FOR A CHANGE!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT. THE BANK IS BROKE!

IN! I GOT BACK THE MONEY I PAID YOUR BOSS FOR A "SALTED" MINE!

OKAY—CASH ME

GOOD BOY, CLEM!

SLAGLE'S WATCHING HIM LIKE A HAWK! NOT SO GOOD FOR CLEM... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



YOU WANTED WESTERN BALLADS, SO SING 'EM I DID—BUT NOW I'M INTRODUCING THE CHINATOWN KID!

THAT DOES IT! STUFF WILL TAKE OVER!

A SWIFT CHANGE—AND THE VIGILANTE GOES INTO ACTION...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! SLAGLE DOESN'T WANT CLEM TO GET AWAY WITH HIS WINNINGS!



I'LL HELP CLEM KEEP THE MONEY SLAGLE CHEATED HIM OUT OF FOR THAT "SALTED" MINE!

MIND IF I DROP IN ON THE PARTY, DIAMONDBACK?

THE VIGILANTE!

